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Pérez de Ayala's Modern Don Juan

TIGER JUAN. By Ramón Pérez de Ayala. Translated by Walter Starkie. New York: The Macmillan Company. 1933. $2.

Reviewed by ERNEST BOYD

IT is a long time ago since I began, in these columns and elsewhere, to urge upon American readers the claims of Pérez de Ayala—thirteen years, to be precise. In the meantime his country has become a republic, and he its ambassador at the Court of Saint James, but only three of the eighteen volumes of his collected works have appeared in English. The first was the three "poetic novels," "Prometheus: The Fall of the House of Limon: Sunday Sunlight," which was beautifully translated in 1920. The second, "The Fox's Paw," followed in 1924, and now, from the other side of the Atlantic, comes an excellent version by Walter Starkie of Trinity College, Dublin, of the novel in two parts which was published in Madrid seven years ago under the title of *Tigre Juan* and *El Curandero de su Honra*. As I have constantly pointed out, America rarely gets any credit for the pioneering work done in this country by translators and commentators on foreign literature. Dr. Starkie's biographical and critical note ignores his predecessors in this field and is written apparently under the impression that nothing by Pérez de Ayala has been presented in English before.

As in most of the author's novels, the plot in this case is not the thing. Its theme is the eternal theme of Spanish drama from Calderón to the present day: woman's honor, in the primitive and medieval concept of complete and absolute submission to her legal lord and master. It is an essentially Latin and Mediterranean concept, and one which seems as curious to the Northern mind as the chastity belts in the Cluny Museum. Juan Guerra Madrigal, nicknamed Tiger Juan because of his supposed ferocity, is a misogynist in the grand tradition; he killed his wife on a false suspicion of her infidelity. In the little village of Pilares, where he plies his trade as a herb-doctor, scrivener and quack-of-all-trades, his life is devoted to his adopted son, Colás, the local Don Juan, Vespasiano, and a widow lady who worships him in silence. Despite Tiger Juan's lessons in misogyny, Colás falls in love, but is respected, whereupon he joins the army and goes abroad. Tiger Juan's hatred for women is increased a thousandfold, as embodying, as Don Juan, the revenge of the male for the wiles of wicked women. But the women are still too clever for him. Herminia's mother marries her to Tiger Juan, who thus finds himself accepted where Colás failed. It is true, she elopes with another man, but returns repentant to Tiger Juan, whose plans to murder her are frustrated by the discovery that he is about to become a father. Colás married another girl, and the story ends in the discomfiture of Don Juan, in the person of Vespasiano, and the triumph of natural affection and fidelity between husband and wife.

Pérez de Ayala, as is evident, makes no effort to hold the reader by a mere story. Analysis and observation revealing the heart and kernel of Castilian Spain are of the essence of his work. His characters, for all the external realism and quaint humor of their description, hold one by their

(Continued on page 146)

FLOYD DELL'S GREENWICH VILLAGE
Woodcut by Eli Jacobi

Burke and the Present Order

BY PADRAIC COLUM

THE mind of Edmund Burke is like a great house magnificently and completely furnished, but furnished at the instance of a single inmate. Everything is there that that particular inmate has need of, but if anything else is there it is not shown. The idea of order—it is that which occupies as a single inmate his capacious and coherent mind. "Good order is the foundation of all good things," he says in his "Reflections on the French Revolution," and what he says there as a copy-book maxim he has been saying all his articulate life. That he had a single idea and not a congress of ideas is nothing to complain about: that he held that idea with fervor and illustrated it with persuasiveness, power, and skill is what matters to us. "He gave to a party what was meant for mankind"—we all remember Goldsmith's pithy characterization of Burke. It is true as far as it goes—that is as far as it was intended to go in a squib. But Goldsmith would have known that what was meant for mankind comes to mankind sooner or later. Burke's statements are our possession although we have no interest in the party that had his allegiance when he made them. Those speeches and dissertations we can read for the splendidly sustained argument that always tends to some humane conclusion, for their dramatic force that triumphs over statistics even, for the strong feeling that is in them, for the sense of words pronounced and heard that comes through them. Burke being an orator was necessarily a good deal of an actor and a dramatist. This friend of Garrick's, this lover of Shakespeare was more of a dramatist in his utterance than the other orators of his time. He labored to improve one dramatic element in his utterance—he worked to come closer and closer to a living speech. Cicero was his master, of course. But what he singled out for praise was that element in Cicero's work which made his utterance "like good conversation." He did not know the Greek dramatists, but he wanted to compose like those dramatic writers who got their effects through the building up of forcible speech—the writers of the Latin comedy, Plautus and Terence. As I read passages of Burke now I think of a chorus in a Greek play. . . . Momentous events are being decided and a chorus of old men are outside the statehouse. The leader speaks and his utterance is grave and measured.—

> Not Peace through the medium of War: not Peace to be hunted through the labyrinth of intricate and endless negotiations; not Peace to arise out of universal discord, fomented from principle, in all parts of the empire . . . It is simple Peace; sought in its natural course, and in its ordinary haunts—it is Peace sought in the spirit of Peace, and laid in principles purely pacific.

The Queen of France had been for him a symbol of order in Europe. Now when that order is falling to pieces he gives vent to an utterance that is more significant for us if we think of it as arising from a mythical and not an historical event—as if it were part of a chorus from some such play as "The Persians."

> Oh, what a revolution! and what a heart have I to contemplate without emotion that elevation and that fall! Little did I dream when she added titles

(Continued on following page)

In This Music

By JAMES RALSTON CALDWELL

SWAY now this branch,
And let the clusters fall,
And let fall gently down
The white drops upon our fever.

In this music,
This sweet troubling of air
Is the ancient healing.

(*Lento, lento*)

No other spell,
No magic that men make
Not the overweening word,
Nor the brave and plausive image
So flouts the Demon.

Only the early piercer of reeds,
And he who first drew taut the sinew
across the shell's throat
Wore no red and special mark.
Oh, I believe the word-smith and the
graver
Had traffic, somewhat, with the Shadow.

(*Sempre dolce*)

But the undulations of this tremulous
bough,
The drops falling,
The stirred petals,
Bear no false witness.

Moon-Calf Grows Up

HOMECOMING. An Autobiography. By Floyd Dell. New York: Farrar & Rinehart. 1933. $3.

Reviewed by BEN RAY REDMAN

THERE are various reasons that a man may advance to himself for writing his autobiography. He may argue that he is so famous, and so generally an object of interest and speculation, that he owes the world an account of himself; or that his life has been lived in positions of privilege where, in the usual phrase, he has known everyone worth knowing; or that he has been a devil of a fellow, like Cellini and Casanova, and is determined that everyone shall hear of it; or he may believe, like John Stuart Mill, that his life story communicates a utilitarian message; or he may seek, like Wagner, to justify himself in the eyes of the world; or, like Rousseau, at once to justify himself and rid himself of the burdens of introspection; or, to make an end, he may call upon any one of numerous other reasons, including reliance upon the anonymous writer who has said that biography (which includes autobiography) has no other aim than its own perfection,—"It strives neither to convert nor convince. Its one and indivisible purpose is to achieve in words the portrait of man or woman."

Floyd Dell, who is most modest in his reasons for committing autobiography, satisfies at least in part the requirements of the anonymous writer. If there is no excuse for using the word "perfection" in connection with "Homecoming," it is nevertheless certain that in this book he has achieved the portrait of a man. Once before, in "Moon-Calf," he managed to get much of this portrait on paper, giving his sitter the imaginary name of Felix Fay. To paint himself frankly under his own name, as he has now, must have been harder; for, however appealing Felix-Floyd may be in certain aspects of his character and career, he verges on the ludicrous in others. But Mr. Dell has succeeded in looking himself in the eye, and has reported his findings with commend-

(Continued on page 145)

This Week

CRY HAVOC!
By BEVERLEY NICHOLS
Reviewed by Lawrence Dennis

THE BOOK OF TALBOT
By VIOLET CLIFTON
Reviewed by William Rose Benét

VIPER'S TANGLE
By FRANÇOIS MAURIAC
Reviewed by Theodore Purdy, Jr.

THE DELICATE FIRE
By NAOMI MITCHISON
Reviewed by Henry Seidel Canby

SONGS OF THE BOOKMEN
By LEE ANDREW WEBER

PETER ABELARD
By HELEN WADDELL
Reviewed by Ernest Sutherland Bates

WORLD REVOLUTION AND THE U. S. S. R.
By MICHAEL T. FLORINSKY
Reviewed by Fabian Franklin

MANDARIN AND MATHEMATICS
By CHRISTOPHER MORLEY

Next Week or Later

HITLER'S "MY BATTLE"
Reviewed by Matthew Josephson

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Burke and the Present Order

(*Continued from first page*)

of veneration to those of enthusiastic, distant, respectful love, that she should ever be obliged to carry the sharp antidote against disgrace concealed in that bosom; little did I dream that I should have lived to see such disasters fallen upon her in a nation of gallant men, in a nation of men of honor, and of cavaliers. I thought ten thousand swords would have leaped from their scabbards to avenge even a look that threatened her with insult. But the age of chivalry is gone. That of sophisters, economists, and calculators has succeeded, and the glory of Europe is extinguished for ever. Never, never more shall we behold that generous loyalty to rank and sex, that proud submission, that dignified obedience, that subordination of the heart which kept alive, even in servitude itself, the spirit of an exalted freedom. The unbought grace of life, the cheap defence of nations, the nurse of manly sentiment and heroic enterprise is gone! It is gone, that sensibility of principle, that chastity of honor, which felt a stain like a wound, which inspired courage whilst it mitigated ferocity, which ennobled whatever it touched, and under which vice itself lost half its evil, by losing all its grossness.

Goldsmith was in France in the same period as Burke was there. He saw game running tame in the environs of Paris, and he knew this for a sign, not of social security but of social decay. Burke would not have noticed the hares and partridges, and if he had, he would not have come to any conclusion about their enlargement. Carlyle, contemplating the completed revolution whose beginning and middle aroused such abhorrence in Burke cried: "For Nature though everywhere green is built on dread foundations, and Pan to whose music the nymphs dance has a cry in him . . . that can drive all men distracted." Burke never looked for these dread foundations and never listened for that distracting cry. He had wisdom without shrewdness, but he had wisdom; he had vision without variety, but he had vision. He thought of the state as an organism whose future could only be in terms of its past. If that organism suffered violence, if it had to strive drastically against evils that threatened it, it was in danger of dissolution. Order to Burke meant the possibility of growth through gradual change; it was a living order and not a level of changelessness such as Castlereagh or Metternich stood for.—

By a constitutional policy, working after the pattern of nature, we receive,

A CARICATURE OF EDMUND BURKE

we hold, we transmit our government and our privileges, in the same manner in which we enjoy and transmit our property and our lives. The institutions of policy, the goods of fortune, the gifts of providence, are handed down to us, and from us, in the same course and order. Our political system is placed in a just correspondence and symmetry with the order of the world, and with the mode of existence decreed to a permanent body composed of transitory parts; wherein, by the disposition of a stupendous wisdom, moulding together the great mysterious incorporation of the human race, the whole, at one time, is never old, or middle-aged, or young, but, in a condition of unchangeable constancy, moves on through the varied tenor of perpetual decay, fall, renovation, and progression. Thus, by preserving the method of nature in the conduct of the state, in what we improve, we are never wholly new; in what we retain, we are never wholly obsolete.

Such an order would not be unchanging. "A state without the means of change is without the means of conservation."

The propertyless communist state with its deliberate breach with the past, could he have foreseen it, would have appalled Burke. But only a little less horrifying to him would have been the fascist state. It is true that such a state preserves — indeed glorifies—a national memory, but it stands for a concentration of power, functioning through one and not through several naturally developed and connected organs. The state's activity should be a harmony of effects made by different parts. In that troubled testament of his, "Reflections on the French Revolution" (from which the previous passage has been quoted), he told his correspondent that in their old-time states the French

THE HOUSE OF COMMONS IN THE EIGHTEENTH CENTURY

> possessed that variety of parts corresponding with the various descriptions of which your community was happily composed; you had all that combination and all that opposition of interests, you had that action and counter-action, which, in the natural and political world, from the reciprocal struggle of discordent powers, draws out the harmony of the universe. These opposed and conflicting interests, which you considered as so great a blemish in your old and in our present constitution, interpose a voluntary check to all precipitate resolutions . . . Through the diversity of members and interests, general liberty had as many securities as there were separate views in the several orders, whilst by pressing down the whole by the weight of a real monarchy, the separate parts would have been prevented from warping, and starting from their allotted places.

Holding the idea of a living, tissued growth, revolution was abhorrent to him. And the French revolution was doubly abhorrent because its promoters wanted to mold society upon an abstraction—The Rights of Man. Doctrinaires and their abstract social conceptions were hated by him, for he could not tolerate the idea of society being resolved into "the organic *moleculæ* of a disbanded people." Today, when the men of dialectic bear down upon us, we should remind ourselves of Burke's counter-statements—perhaps of this one which is also given in "Reflections on the French Revolution":

> These metaphysical rights entering into common life, like rays of light which pierce into a dense medium, are, by the laws of nature, refracted from the straight line. Indeed in the gross and complicated mass of human passions and concerns, the primitive rights of men undergo such a variety of refractions and reflections, that it becomes absurd to talk of them as if they continued in the simplicity of their original direction. The nature of man is intricate; the objects of society are of the greatest possible complexity, and therefore no simple disposition or direction of power can be suitable either to man's nature, or to the quality of his affairs.

Revolutions were unnecessary evils, but Burke was attached to a party that promoted a revolution — *the* Revolution of English history—and whose lease of power came from that operation. That revolution was only a very little revolution, he explains—it was, in fact, a restoration. Burke, when he deals with the origins of the Whig party, reminds one of Boccacio's story of the Jew converted to Catholicism: he announces his intention of visiting Rome; he will certainly revert, his converter believes, when he has a near view of the higher churchmen. But Salomon is confirmed in his faith; only a church founded for eternity, he concludes, could survive the self-indulgence of those who were in its highest positions. And only a party in whom was deposited the proper understanding of British constitutionalism could have got rid of the second James and brought in William and Mary without any breach of the constitution. The Revolution was justified because the Whigs carried it through, and the Whigs were justified because they carried it through with hardly a strain on the constitution. As he examines the acts of the promoters of the revolution his faith in a developing constitution waxes stronger. He becomes so enthusiastic that for once he is undiscriminating in the use of an adjective. "That immortal law!" he exclaims as he reads over the Declaration of Right, paying homage to those law-givers whose "penetrating style has engraved in our ordinances and in our hearts, the words and spirit of that immortal law." No writer ever used adjectives less wildly than Burke; to attend to his sentences is to get to understand how meaningful an adjective can be. But when he becomes, as in this instance, an apologist, he lapses into the enthusiasm of any doctrinaire.

It marks him of a period as does his reference to the man of none or of little property. I need not quote that inconceivable sentence of his which made him a fair mark for the defenders of the French Revolution—that sentence in which hope in a better world is offered as a consolation prize to those who have failed to acquire property in this. But I shall have to quote a sentence that shows how the man of little or no property was looked on by this really liberal political philosopher.

> You would have had [he says to the French] a free constitution; a potent monarchy; a disciplined army; a reformed and venerated clergy; a mitigated but spirited nobility to lead your virtue, not to overlay it; you would have had a liberal order of commons to emulate and recruit that nobility; you would have had a protected, satisfied, laborious, and obedient people, taught to seek and recognize the happiness that is to be found by virtue in all conditions; in which consists the true moral equality of mankind, and not in that monstrous fiction, which by inspiring false ideas and vain expectations into men destined to travel in the obscure walks of laborious life, serves only to aggravate and embitter that real inequality which it never can remove.

This was written, we must remember, before the United States and Republican France had put the democratic state into action. Burke, one supposes, thought that in the developing society which he envisaged the classes "destined to travel in the obscure walks of laborious life" would have their condition constantly improved. Development for him could not be at the pace that it is for us; our dynamic society could not be conceived of by a man who, gaining inch by inch his position by closely knit argument, made speeches to Parliament lasting five hours.

Well, then, what has Burke to offer our metropolitan, industrial, hearthless society as a philosophy of adjustment and progress? Something surely, inasmuch as all visions of society held fervently by men of disciplined genius have something for us. Burke, I think, has more to offer us than most of these philosophers. A society fully conscious of its past, which functions, not through one but through several organs, and which maintains a balance of powers within itself,—that is not an unworthy nor an unworkable idea of society. And at present, when abstractions and revolutions in the name of abstractions are the order of the day, it is well to think on this vision of a flesh and blood society that has progenitors and posterity and to hold to the humanity of it as against "the organic *moleculæ* of a disbanded people" which is being offered us by so many able and earnest people today.

The last words in the "Reflections on the French Revolution" are such as the leader of the chorus of old men might use when he recognized the end of the order to which his whole being was bound; they have a noble humility and they rise to the dignity of prophecy.

> I have told you candidly my sentiments. I think they are not likely to alter yours. I do not know that they ought. You are young; you cannot guide, but you must follow the fortune of your country. But hereafter they may be of some use to you, in some future form which your commonwealth may take. In the present it can hardly remain; but before its final settlement it may be obliged to pass, as one of our poets says, "through great varieties of untried being," and in all its transmigrations to be purified by fire and blood.

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Padraic Colum, poet, dramatist, and essayist, is an Irishman by birth though an American by residence. He was formerly editor of the Irish Review, *and was a founder of the Irish National Theatre. He is the author of a large number of books.*

Beverley Nichols's Pacifist Manifesto

CRY HAVOC! By Beverley Nichols. New York: Doubleday, Doran & Co. 1933.

Reviewed by LAWRENCE DENNIS

THIS book is a preachment against war delivered in the form of a letter from Beverley Nichols to H. G. Wells. Its effectiveness will depend on the responsiveness of the reader to good journalism. Its effect will be to strengthen the feeling in those who already have it that war is a terrible business and that there ought to be a law agin it. As most Englishmen and Americans are conditioned to a high degree of responsiveness to good journalism and as they also have the feeling about war just mentioned, this book should have a large and responsive public and prove effective in raising the warmth of anti-war feeling several degrees. Some people, including Mr. Nichols, no doubt think that the intensification of this feeling will contribute to the ultimate elimination of war. I don't.

Sentences like the following are fairly typical of the profundity of Mr. Nichols's thought:

> I think that one of the greatest services any millionaire could render to mankind would be the offer of a substantial prize to any man who invented a slogan that would finally drive this cheating word war out of currency of decent contemporary language.
>
> We had better plunge straight into the heart of the problem. At the heart of the problem as I see it is the armaments industry.

The armaments industry is a personal devil on which Mr. Nichols concentrates a withering fire. He proves it guilty of doing what every other industry does, namely, trying to promote business or enlarge its market. The conclusions Mr. Nichols draws from this characteristic of the armaments industry are as logical as the conclusion that Armour & Company and the Childs Restaurant Company are important factors in creating a human need of, and craving for, food. The hackneyed horrors of war, past and future, are put through their paces like the bloodhounds in the old-fashioned stock company presentation of "Uncle Tom's Cabin." Those who can gnash their teeth at Simon Legree or weep over East Lynne will be moved. Pacifism needs a few writers with the insight and subtlety of a Chekhov or Proust. Tolstoy was a rare and happy example of a pacifist who could write literature which incidentally made out a case against war.

In the chapter on the City of Hope, Geneva, giving Mr. Nichols's impressions of a session of the League and his impassioned plea for peace through international coöperation, we not only have some excellent journalism but material for a psycho-analysis of a typical and significant young English intellectual of the pacifist persuasion. He remarks:

> There is too much eating and drinking and too little breathing at Geneva. . . . But even the shortest sojourn at a disarmament conference makes one feel that the world will never know peace until it is run by vegetarians and until its business is conducted in the open air.

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Of course, most of the principal herbivorous species, like deer or buffalo, fight to the death among themselves out in the open air, while subterranean colonies of carnivorous rats are coöperative, collectivistic, and little given to fighting for fighting's sake. Mr. Nichols is constantly developing the far-fetched and overlooking the obvious in his interpretation.

The last third of the book contains two long debates, one between Yeats Brown, the Bengal Lancer, and Mennel, a British Quaker, who was imprisoned and persecuted during the war, and the other between G. D. H. Cole, the leading socialist economist of Great Britain, and Sir Arthur Salter, one of the foremost liberal capitalist economists. In a closing note on the prolonged conversation between the "skunk" (the pacifist) and the Bengal Lancer, Mr. Nichols attempts to clarify the issues by saying:

> Messrs. Mennel and Yeats Brown seem to be laboring under a confusion of thought in one important aspect of the discussion, *i. e.*, they both confuse the "police" with the "army." The police and the army have contrary functions. The object of an army is to enable the litigant to be also his own judge. The object of a police force is to prevent the litigant from being his own judge.

What Mr. Nichols says here is as logical as the statement that the difference between a horse and a cow is that the one has a head and the other a tail. It is obvious that the object of the army is also to prevent the litigant, *i. e.*, the enemy, from being his own judge. And it is no less evident that the object of a police force is to enable the litigant, *i. e.*, the state, to be the judge of its case against the criminal.

In the conversation between Sir Arthur Salter and Mr. Cole, the former expresses the belief that peace is possible under capitalism if the situation internally in each country is such that no private interest, such as oil or armaments, can prevail over the public interest and dominate public policy, and if governments agree upon the limits of state help and hindrance to competitors in world trade. Surely it cannot be proved that any one private interest caused the World War. As for saying that there would be no war if nations would only agree about the matters they fight over, it is obvious that such propositions, couched in more intricate terms which obscure their meaning, are not helpful.

In a final chapter on The Microbes of War, Mr. Nichols asks the question "Why do men fight, when they would much prefer to live at peace?" To which he develops the answer that it is because men are inoculated with the microbes of war. Men are conditioned to be proud of race and nationality which is all wrong. According to Mr. Nichols, "Pride comes from achievement, doesn't it? I am sure we are agreed about that." But we are not agreed about that. Millions of people consider pride of achievement an obnoxious form of personal conceit. Mr. Nichols continues, "but I hope it will be generally agreed that a man should not be proud of inherited wealth nor should he be proud of a perfect profile." Millions of people, however, will not agree that pride of inherited qualities, like race or nationality, is odious. Pride in being something or someone rather than in having done something has to be understood sympathetically to be discussed intelligently. Mr. Nichols does not seem to recognize that a society can only be held together by a sense of "me-ness." Nor does he address himself to the problem of advancing other formulas for the cultivation of this sense than those now prevalent and which lead to war. It is no great social service to prove that war is hell. It needs no proving. Mr. Nichols merely shows that existing formulas of social solidarity lead to war; that this is too bad; and that something ought to be done.

It remains for a profounder philosophy and a more valid scientific methodology to attack the problem of war in a way to promise some degree of success.

Heinrich and Thomas Mann, Arnold Zweig, and Leon Feuchtwanger, all exiles from Nazi Germany, have taken refuge at Bandol, on the French Riviera, where Aldous Huxley lives.

Saga of a Modern Hero

THE BOOK OF TALBOT. By Violet Clifton. New York: Harcourt, Brace & Co. 1933. $3.50.

Reviewed by WILLIAM ROSE BENÉT

Give a man a horse he can ride,
Give a man a boat he can sail;
And his rank and wealth, his strength and health,
On sea nor shore shall fail.

"AND give a man a free foot for adventure and exploration," might have added the hero of this book, Talbot Clifton, inheritor of large Lancashire estates, of a lineage harking back to the days of William Rufus—an Eton and Cambridge Englishman who elected to fare far north among the Esquimaux, south into Africa—to penetrate Siberia, Tibet, and Burma. The style in which his widow, Violet Clifton, writes of him partakes of the nature of a saga, might be almost some skald's celebration of the deeds of an eponymous hero.

There is a type of Englishman who roves until he dies. Clifton was of that kind. Occasionally it occurred to him that there was something mystical in his weddedness to the hardships of the far journey. Remarkable in physique and in courage, there seems to have been in him a touch of such extraordinary Britons as Sir Richard Burton and Colonel T. E. Lawrence. Reading Shakespeare, learning languages, keeping extraordinary diaries, he roamed the world, searching out the inaccessible and encountering a great variety of adventures and strange people of many kinds. Chiefly the man of action, he bore himself with a certain knightliness, had about him the air of another century, has been spoken of as a strayed Elizabethan, from the days of Frobisher and Drake.

His widow's chronicle of this man has a distinct devotional quality. She has woven her account of his exploits partly out of his diaries, enlightened by her own interpretation of the man. Her writing, in its cadences, has a strange archaic quality and yet, in spite of its weight of detail, a singular flowing clarity. In "the Burden of Africa," "Burden of Tibet," and "Rhythm of Burma" she changes into a kind of free verse, but it is no more poetic than some of her prose passages which, even in the simple descriptions of natural phenomena, have a peculiar flavor of their own. She has wrought a singular book permeated by her faith, which is Catholic, but also catholic in that other definition—in the range of her sympathy and understanding. There are occasional lapses, inevitable in a work of such adoration. This is a hard book to describe, as it is a difficult book to read sometimes in its elaboration of the minutiæ of certain of Talbot's expeditions —but one has a strong suspicion that it belongs to literature and not to the more ephemeral chronicles of men.

Talbot Clifton never forgot tradition, for all his wanderings over the world; never forgot that "it was William Rufus who had bestowed on a Clifton knight 'ten caracutes of land in Amounderness,' " and took pleasure "in his Saxon name, Clyfton—the ton or enclosure of Clyf, the stockaded place." In a note at the end of the book a male friend of his refers to everything in Clifton being "on an exaggerated scale," to his ruthlessness in conversation yet great patience "to any person who had information to give him," to his quickness of mind, teasing wit, unresting energy, ("he had the most restless spirit that I have ever known") to his love of danger and hardship for their own sake, to his reminding one of "an Elizabethan adventurer carrying on the business into a later and duller generation," to the completeness with which he fulfilled his destiny. "He was full of wonder," says his widow, "at man; at strange places; at beauty hidden, unknown, and remote; wonder goaded him on through the earth, regardless of his body. Of that quality—vision of the saint—word of the poet; and, by its power, is straitened the explorer that cannot take, from another, the tale of the earth's grandeur, but must, himself, go forth, marvelling at the unknown."

Violet Clifton has gathered together all her husband's findings of wild and strange beauty. "The Book of Baruchial" (Baruchial being the Archangel of the Sacrament of Marriage) tells their love story, alluding to the author always in the third person. She, daughter of a British Minister Plenipotentiary and Extraordinary in Peru, Ecuador, and Bolivia, met her husband in Peru, after many of his wanderings were over. They returned to England and were married. This book in itself constitutes a remarkable and moving story. After Clifton's death, the last chapter is almost too poignant, and deeply haunting as poetry.

Out of many quotations that might be made, but could not illustrate the variety of incident and observation in this volume, I choose, somewhat to illustrate the author's style and also the inner nature of her subject, this ending of the first chapter of "The Book of the Barren Lands":

> A flock of buntings flew past him. They were sharp-winged and white as snow. After them came a raven; strong-winged and swift he needed no cover, and on his sable no cover was bestowed. In a just balance his strength had been weighed against the weakness of the smaller birds; it had been found sufficient; in a world of white the raven remained black, pointing the care that encompassed the ptarmigan and the snowbirds. Quick and new, although Talbot long had known of the merciful coloring of the Northern creatures, quick and new then came, with the immediate seeing of these buntings, the sureness that God is good. "The buntings know some gay songs," said William, but Talbot did not heed what was said of their singing because, with their silent passage, had glittered a faith that was gay enough.

THE LIFE OF A HUNTER. *A Currier and Ives Print,* 1861

The Lively History of the Fur Trade

BEAVER, KINGS AND CABINS. By Constance Lindsay Skinner. New York: The Macmillan Company. 1933. $2.50.

Reviewed by HENRY STEELE COMMAGER

WOODROW WILSON in one of the most luminous of his essays, remarked that the significance of American history is to be found in the impact of a civilized people on a trackless wilderness and a primitive race. And it was the fur traders who were the most active and powerful agents of that impact. They first opened up the watercourses, followed the buffalo traces, and bound the Indian to the white man by ties of trade and then of blood. "On this continent," says Miss Skinner,

> the white man met prehistoric man face to face—his own ancestor. Many didn't recognize him, and felt antagonistic. But there were others—and chief among them were the fur traders—whose instinct leaped to him and knew him for kin. Ay, leaped the gap of fifty thousand years, as a stag takes a brook in his stride. It was a colossal thing that happened to those who experienced it, and they were many. It's a time for the retelling of the story of this continent in terms of the Fur Trade.

And Miss Skinner, who grew up among the *voyageurs* and factors of the Canadian Northwest and under the ægis of the Great Company, and who knows the traders and the Indians and the beaver with a rare intimacy, has determined to retell it. Her history has all the flavor of a personal chronicle, and it is written out of a rich background of experience and of understanding. It is not a formal history of the trade, for such an undertaking would defy the limits of a single volume, but rather a spirited and philosophical commentary on some chapters in the history of beaver, kings, and cabins—"with a strong bias for Chief Beaver and his clan."

Miss Skinner has wisely not attempted to grapple with the statistics or the politics or the diplomacy of the fur trade. Her book is a spirited narrative of the ways of traders and Indians with each other and with the beaver and the fox and the otter and the marten. It celebrates the courage and vision of the early explorers and traders, the loyalty and faithfulness of the servants of the Great Company, the devotion and generosity of the Indians, with something of the mysticism and poetry of their lives. It describes how cod introduced the beaver, and the beaver created a new breed of men and a unique culture. It tells the saga of Champlain and Frontenac, of Radisson and Groseilliers, and the great Iberville family, and their dealings with the Indians. The story gathers momentum with the entry of England on the scene and the establishment of the Hudson's Bay Company, and the subsequent titanic struggle for the control of Hudson's Bay and the great Northwest. That struggle extended over two centuries, embraced a vast territory from the Bay to the Pacific, and involved French, Americans, and rival English companies alike, and it ended with the Great Company supreme in its domain. The servants of the Company—the Brahmins of the North—are Miss Skinner's heroes—especially the dauntless Henry Kelsey who as a boy of twenty penetrated a thousand miles west of the Bay, found the sources of the Churchill and Saskatchewan Rivers, compiled an Indian Dictionary, and kept a Diary which turned up two centuries later to glorify his exploits. Of scarcely less interest than the struggle for the "Frozen North" is the story of the fur trade along the southern frontier, an intricate tale of intrigue and diplomacy and war between Americans and Spaniards and Indians, streaked with sordidness and crowned with tragedy. We are reminded of the exploits of Iberville in Louisiana, of Lachlan McGillivray, the White Leader of the Creeks, the learned James Adair, the English Chikasaw, and the elusive Christian Priber, beloved of the Cherokees, all of whom helped to stir the witches cauldron of the southern Indian frontier.

Suggestive and tantalizing in its brief sketches of the factors and runners of the forests, in its glimpses of Indian life and ways, in its comments on the habits of the Beaver People and the Otter People, Miss Skinner's book calls insistently for elaboration. It is to be hoped that she will at some future time fill the gaps and round out the characters of her glamorous story.

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The Saturday Review
of LITERATURE

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Acceleritis

There is nothing new in hustle and bustle, indeed the best descriptions of the disease are in "Alice in Wonderland," Dickens, and the *Spectator* papers. Perhaps the Americans were the first to make hustle and bustle a religion. Yet even here over-active, thyroidish people, minute chasers that *wish* always to live an hour ahead of the present, are not any commoner now than in the past. We are seldom born hustlers and bustlers, but no one doubts that we are being hustled and bustled as never before, and this is a fact which social historians like James Truslow Adams and Esmé Wingfield-Stratford are beginning to make capital of in their attempts to explain what seems to be a nervous degeneration of society. The Adams brothers, Brooks and Henry, noted it before them.

Once attention is fixed upon the accelerating tempo of sensation today every other cause of unrest and decadence begins to lose some of its dominating importance. Man is the adaptable animal, but can he stand the strain? There is no proof of it, because there is no precedent in history for such an overwhelming and universal assault upon the nerves that register sensation. The generation living in the past thirty years has been subjected to such a speeding-up as the body has never had to endure before—that much seems certain. By comparison, the major trials of war, poverty, loss of fortune are far more terrible but perhaps psychologically less important. Man has been through them again and again, but not all men, everywhere, at once. The increased tempo of sensation is more like a change of climate, which bears gradually but irresistibly upon whole cultures. Indeed, the tempo of life has been raised everywhere because speculators found that it paid.

The new business of speeding-up for profits did not stop with the radio, tabloid, and sensation for the masses. "Neither in the name of Multitude do I onely include the base and minor sort of people," Sir Thomas Browne once wrote; "there is a rabble even amongst the gentry, a sort of Plebeian heads, whose fancy moves with the same wheel as these." A Broadway play, geared for success, runs with a syncopated celerity offensive to anyone really interested in the drama of life, slurring over cause and effect, headlining crises, summarizing conclusions, every value diminished but one and that the forced excitement of the audience. In this way lack of substance is concealed, and an interest aroused that may be hysterical. The tempo of books has been noticeably accelerated. The short story has been speeded up beyond art. Histories, like the recent "Marie Antoinette" of Stefan Zweig, have been rebuilt so that the electric sparks may shoot from sensation in the cause to sensation in the result. So subtle and all pervading is this pressure of increasing tempo that it would be a bold man who dared to say that his nerves, his actions, his life as a functioning mind, had not been radically influenced, and nearly always for the worse.

Certainly the troubles in Europe are not to be dissociated from this among other causes. The youth movement so-called, which began as an international back-to-simplicity crusade, has apparently broken into fragments, partly because in Central Europe the tempo of revolution and hysterical nationalism has been more attractive than ideals accelerating more slowly. The Nazi movement in Austria, for example, is strengthened, if not caused, by an impatient surge of youngsters in their teens and twenties toward what promises excitement and quick change. The violent distaste of the war generation for North German Kultur cannot persuade a youth who has been conditioned to stimulus changed by turning the knob of a radio, and who dreads a pause to reflect. Italian oratory from the Duce, London evening journalism, the staccato of French news writing, reflect only less sharply the crude and often morbid excitement which in Germany is being used to carry the masses blindly back to wage slavery and peasantdom. Where will our own highly efficient (and very profitable) stimulus of every sensation take us in another generation?

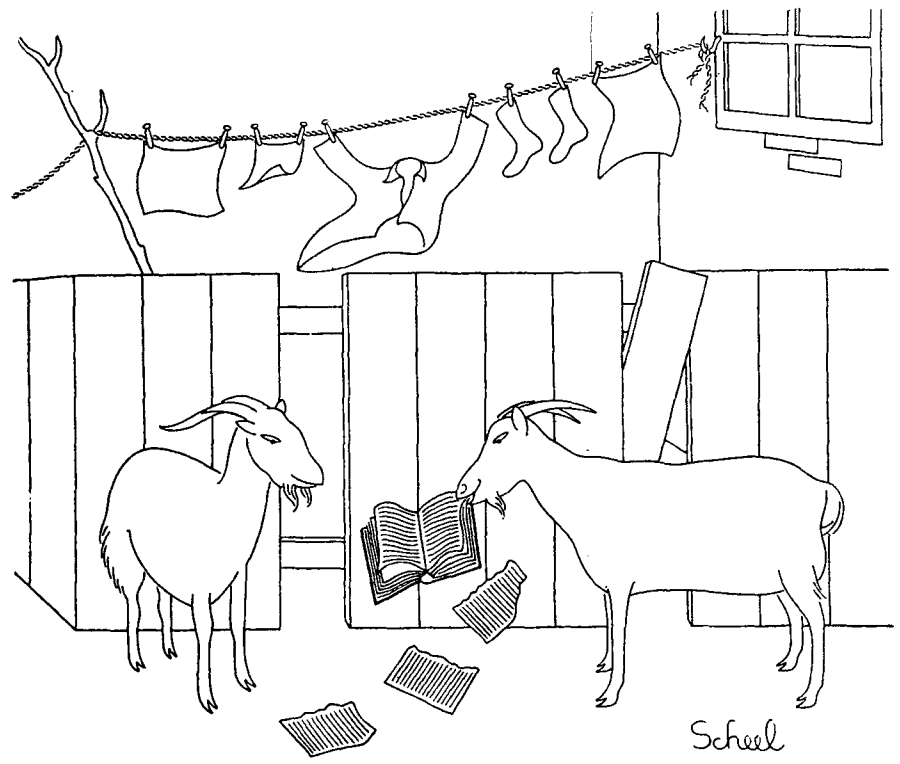
Perhaps to reaction—since in America it is beginning to be called folly rather than tragedy to die of heart disease at forty. So many Americans of all classes seem to be realizing the futility of most hustle and bustle, the triviality of life lived in a loud speaker and a screen, and the boredom or breakdown following constant acceleration, that one has a hope of change that sociologists and psychologists will probably question. For are we free agents to change? Can this ran-tan-tan, shout, dance, and hurry civilization be altered short of the forcible removal of its toys? The new Utopias like Russia, and the Europeanized cultures of the East and of savagery, rush to them like children after lollypops. But this is the old question of whether we can control our machines, which will not be debated here.

For the triviality of mind which comes from letting all day long and night the bilge of professional entertainers, moralists, news mongers, magazine "pep" writers, sluice through the organs of sensation, there is no cure but time, and time is just as likely to be an aggravation. Psychiatrists are doing their best for those among the over-jazzed who have personalities distinct (or opulent) enough to be salvaged. But these efforts come late; nor is there any virtue in prohibition. Among antidotes for acceleritis none seems more promising for the developed mind than literature—especially in youth; literature applied as a combined sedative and tonic —not by any means as a counter-irritant or a cultural plaster. A thorough steeping in poetry or good prose will guarantee at the least an enduring skepticism of speeded-up triviality. Four pages of the "Religio Medici" (or Boswell or "Mr. Dooley"), or one real poem per day, is a better dosage than aspirin or bromide, or cigarettes or alcohol taken not for fun but to quiet the racing machine. It is better medicine because there is a transfusion of an unhurried mind, or of an excitement which is not the illusion of a titillated nerve. And there is no better self-heal, and, incidentally, no better encouragement of sound literature, than to seek out among modern books those that are exciting not excited, moving not moved by restless neuroticism, reflective not dull with the flat dulness of triviality.

If acceleration continues at its present tempo we shall soon be unable to read such books. Millions now cannot endure a play on the stage or screen that does not bolt like a rabbit from beginning to end. Time for them rushes like a drunken auto, then drops out of the four dimensions, leaving them as stockish as a subway turnstile between trains. Unfortunately the arts are only too adaptable, and we are on the brink of recasting all the treasures of literature to suit acceleration.

Every fifth book published this year is a prophecy of doom. Such is not the intention of these remarks which should be regarded rather as a little amateur psycho-analysis intended to make the reader understand that the hyperdermic needle of acceleration has been in his arm more than once. If he knows a better cure than Dr. Shakespeare or bawdy old Nurse Chaucer, let him go to it.

H. S. C.



"HOW CAN YOU SWALLOW THAT TRIPE?"

To the Editor: *Questions for Bernard Faÿ*

Pure and Applied Science

Sir: In his charmingly entertaining and loyal review of "The Autobiography of Alice B. Toklas" Bernard Fay incidentally makes remarks about science that should hardly go unchallenged. He asserts that "Even at its best, what science enables us to do is things. . . . A primarily scientific civilization would be an essentially mechanistic one, and a very dull one. Science will only be interesting in the long run if it finally helps us to create, by a very roundabout way, a modern and new humanity. Up to now it has only created machines and masses, things and animals (!). The two dullest things in modern life are the tour of a factory and an aviation meet."

Granted that *applied science* is "very dull" to one who neither recognizes that he is personally benefited thereby, nor is interested in the reactions of those who are benefited. But *science*, not now to be confused with applied science, is pure intellectual effort of the most exacting kind. The value to humanity of intellectual activity *per se* can hardly be questioned. Is it not finally the intellect, that, eventually guiding the feelings, leads to the evolution of not merely "new" but improved "human types and human minds"?

F. BASCOM.

Florida Township, Mass.

Katherine Mansfield's Career

Sir: In *The Bookman* of January last, there was published an interesting article, written by Margaret Bell, entitled "In Memory of Katherine Mansfield." My object in writing is to point out that the author of that article is quite wrong in stating that my daughter had a hard struggle for existence in the early stages of her literary career. In fact, from what Margaret Bell says, one would imagine that she was in a condition of abject poverty. That statement has been made on more than one occasion, for what reason I cannot divine, but, to prove its inaccuracy, I should like to give you a copy of a letter which was written to *T. P.'s & Cassell's Weekly* on 28th May, 1927, by Mr. Alexander Kay, who acted as agent and attorney for me. In that letter, which is headed "Katherine Mansfield," Mr. Kay says:—

"In your issue dated February 12th, there is a contribution [which] would lead your readers to suppose that in the early stages of their married life Mr. Murry and his wife had a hard struggle for existence. As agent and attorney for Katherine Mansfield's father, I have to say that, from the date of her arrival in England from New Zealand, until her lamented decease in January, 1923, her father, through me, made her a most generous allowance, and he is in possession of letters from Katherine containing many spontaneous recognitions of this generosity. On several occasions I paid large sums for medical and other expenses, which substantially exceeded her fixed allowance, but these disbursements were invariably confirmed by her father without demur or comment. In justice to him, I should be glad if you would publish this letter, and so remove any misapprehension that may exist in the minds of your readers as to the manner in which my principal treated his distinguished daughter, to whom, I may add, he was devotedly attached. I would explain that my attention has been drawn to this matter through a communication just received from New Zealand."

I may add that Mr. Kay was for many years Manager of the Bank of New Zealand in London, and subsequently a Director of the London Board.

As I consider Margaret Bell's remarks —made, I believe, quite unintentionally— as a serious reflection on me, I should be glad if you could see your way to give publicity to this letter.

HAROLD BEAUCHAMP.

Wellington, New Zealand.

Smiling Dogs

Sir: As to dogs who smile. Turgeniev, who was probably more familiar with bird-dogs than any other great novelist, wrote in "A Sportsman's Sketches," under the title "Hor and Kalinitch,"

> Fedya, not without amusement, lifted the dog, who wore a forced smile.

In the same work, in "Yermolai and the Miller's Wife,"

> He usually sat with his cropped tail curled up under him, scowling and twitching at times, and he never smiled. (It is well known that dogs can smile, and smile very sweetly.)

WILLIAM LYON PHELPS.

Grindstone, Mich.

The Saturday Review recommends

This Group of Current Books:

THE BOOK OF TALBOT. By VIOLET CLIFTON. *Harcourt, Brace.* The biography of a belated Elizabethan, told by his wife.

THIRTEEN AT DINNER. By AGATHA CHRISTIE. Dodd, *Mead.* A mystery story of good calibre.

POOR SPLENDID WINGS. By FRANCES WINWAR. *Little, Brown.* The story of the Rossettis and their circle.

This Less Recent Book:

THE SAINT AND MARY KATE. By FRANK O'CONNOR. *Macmillan.* A tragic tale of Irish tenement love.

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Moon-Calf Grows Up

(*Continued from first page*)

able honesty and freedom from affection.

The story that he tells is that of a boy's slow and painful accesion to maturity; the story of a boy—shy, sensitive, romantic, and sentimental, uninterested in sports, unable to swim or dance, early alive to the wonders of reading and writing—who was born some forty-six years ago into a family that had declined from the lower fringe of American mid-western "respectability" to the contiguous fringe of the laboring class, wherein the father of a family is often jobless and no hero by his own hearth. We see this boy in relation to his father and his mother, at school, as a budding poet, and as an apprentice laborer. We witness his discovery of socialism, atheism, and sex; his eager acceptance of the first two, and his recoil from the third. We follow him to the comparative freedom and the opportunities of a newspaper office in Davenport, Iowa; look on while he meets men and women who are to affect his life profoundly, and take with him the momentous step to Chicago, where presently he blossoms forth as an assistant, and then, at twenty-four, as a full-fledged literary editor. We watch him marry, and see his marriage go on the rocks. We travel with him to New York, and there, years passing by, we see him as an editor of the *Masses* and the *Liberator*, as a successful novelist, a successful huband, and a proud father at the age of thirty-five. There the story ends. The boy from Barry, Illinois, has grown up. How completely? At least enough to be able to write of himself with a fairly clear head. Meantime various persons have drifted in and out of the narrative: George Cram Cook, Susan Glaspell, Margery Cur-

FLOYD DELL

rey, Francis Hackett, Arthur Davison Ficke, Sandburg, Dreiser, Anderson, Max Eastman, John Reed, Randolph Bourne, Edna St. Vincent Millay, and many others. Of some we hear little more than a name; of some we learn a few characteristics. It is George Cram Cook who bulks largest next to the protagonist, and, in the opinion of a dispassionate observer, Dell has told Cook's story at least as well as his own.

Intentionally and admittedly, the author has been somewhat harsher with Floyd than he was with Felix; but we never feel that we are far from the hero of that first novel. Looking through an old scrap-book, I find that when I reviewed "Moon-Calf" thirteen years ago I wrote:

> Felix is the unconquerable idealist, unconquerable that is up to the time that we leave him. What continued friction with the world will do to him one can only conjecture. His aim is authorship, and his novels may prove his salvation. One suspects that this will be the case. Idealists may be successful without changing the world one tiny jot; they are successful if they can live in a world of their own creation. It is when they seek to mould and transform actualities that they inevitably encounter bruises and defeat. The triumph of their dreams consists in their ability to continue dreaming.

Only Felix Fay can tell if those words were pertinent; but "Homecoming" makes me think again that they were justified. Until now I have placed "Moon-Calf" well above Mr. Dell's other writings. My present judgment is that the autobiography belongs beside the autobiographical novel. Neither the one nor the other approaches greatness (even though I once called the earlier "a masterpiece of fiction"); and, as regards the probable life of either, we all know how blindly oblivion scattereth her poppy. But "Moon-Calf" did reveal a character, and "Homecoming" confirms and extends the revelation. The first is an interesting novel of adolescence, and the second is an interesting record; more interesting, I am afraid, than has been indicated here, with its sexual and psychological data that could provoke comment and argument running far beyond the limits of this review or a dozen like it. But it is never a scandalous record. As the author said, he had no intention of telling other people's secrets.

François Mauriac's Study of a Miser

VIPERS' TANGLE. By François Mauriac. New York: Sheed & Ward. 1933. $2.

Reviewed by THEODORE PURDY, JR.

NEWEST of the French Academicians, M. François Mauriac is known chiefly as a novelist, though his other literary baggage is considerable. "Le Noeud de Vipères," of which this book is an English translation, is one of a number of books devoted to the people of the wine country near Bordeaux, but its author does not rely on local color for his effects. Instead, the portrayal of characters drawn from the middle class life which is not specifically French but European in its modern developments is his principal preoccupation. The central figure in "Vipers' Tangle" is that of a miser, drawn with Balzacian intensity and loving detail. The struggle of this son of peasant stock against a family of superior bourgeois pretensions is as fierce and exciting, in spite of the artificial diary form in which the story is cast, as any detective story. Like Balzac again, M. Mauriac has clearly perceived that in most lives not love nor ambition, but money is the ruling passion, found in France, shorn of the speculative and sporting element so often added by the Anglo-Saxon.

The technical excellence of M. Mauriac's work, as well as a certain conventionality of viewpoint, is said to have brought him his recent election to the Académie Française. In this book, though a narrative of great accuracy and interest is presented after a beginning somewhat wearisome to our tastes, it cannot be said that any remarkable qualities of style or imagination are shown, yet as a whole an impression of passionate sincerity rare in French letters of late is retained by the reader. The Catholic sympathies of the author are also manifested in the last-minute conversion of his miser to a faith which he has always denied. All this is worthy of M. Mauriac's double allegiance to the Académie and the movement which has recently carried so many intellectuals of Paris more daring than he into the arms of the church. Together they seem to indicate a respectable and dignified, if not excitingly original, position for the author in the hierarchy of Gallic literature.

New Life for the Past

THE DELICATE FIRE. By Naomi Mitchison. New York: Harcourt, Brace & Co. 1933. $2.50.

Reviewed by HENRY SEIDEL CANBY

PERSONALLY I think that Naomi Mitchison is the most interesting historical novelist now writing in English, but I mistrust my own judgment because her stories of Greece and the barbarians fascinate me out of the critical mood. Still, even though she may be an irregular novelist, inclined to be repetitive, as in her impressive "The Corn King and the Spring Queen," she is certainly a splendid literary artist in the short narrative and the episode. There are chapters in "The Corn King" and "Cloud Cuckoo Land," and episodes, such as the Sappho story in this book, which are like powerful realistic portraits in which, as with Breughel's paintings, the sensation of a lost period comes to you with an almost painful vividness, intensified by the romance of such a restoration of life. Archeologists and historians have approved of her reconstructions of history. That is comforting, for one wishes to feel that her Alexandria, her black Sparta, her Greek islands, are reasonably true to fact, yet the imaginative validity of her narratives, their quality as of a life which, real or imagined, is true to itself in every detail and episode, is probably more important. Indeed her studies of the barbarians in Scythia and upper Macedonia and Gaul, where she has very little except speculation to go on, seem to me even better than her well-documented stories of the Greeks.

This last book, as a book, is by no means her best, but it contains some of her best work. It is an interim sweeping together of occasional writings, of which I find her socialist studies inferior and the poetry nothing much. Yet "The Delicate Fire," in which one sees Sappho through the eyes of young Greek girls of the next generation, is excellent; and the long story of "Lovely Mantinea," which traces the fortunes of captives from a sacked Greek city, is at her very best, especially the extraordinarily racy story of pioneer life on the edge of the barbarian world, where Greeks learn what it is to be slaves, and intelligence tells as it did in the Indian fights of our own frontier.

This story illustrates Mrs. Mitchison's peculiar power as a historical novelist. You never get such expected pictures of the ancient world as in Bulwer Lytton or Charles Kingsley—no Parthenons, Pompeiis, and fights between Cæsar and Pompey, but home life, sex passions, the jar between culture and barbarism, the individual kept an individual, not conventionalized as a Viking or a Roman statesman or a Greek philosopher or poet. These stories are studies of society as a modern world steeped in anthropology, sociology, and psychology regards society. In reading them I feel closer to the lost ancient world than in histories and poems—even ancient histories and poems. Quite possibly I am wrong, but it is a great literary achievement to make me and her other readers feel as we do. If only the political

From "Child Life in Greek Art" by Anita Klein, Columbia University Press

urge of the Haldane blood (to which family Mrs. Mitchison belongs) does not push her away from art into propaganda, if only she acquires for her full length stories the form which she has achieved in her briefer narratives, we may hope for books from her in the future which will be unique, like some of her earlier ones, in current literature. One has a feeling (perhaps unfounded) that she does not realize how good her writing is, how important is the field she has chosen, which has been so little cultivated in the English of the last decades. If so, her growing cult of enthusiastic readers should be a stimulus and a corrective.

For Lovers Only

PETER ABELARD. By Helen Waddell. New York: Henry Holt & Company. 1933. $2.50.

Reviewed by ERNEST SUTHERLAND BATES

THE weather vanes have long been pointing toward a revival of the historical romance in America. For one thing, the apparent inability of contemporary naturalism to rise to any higher level or to escape from the outworn defeatist attitude of the twenties has definitely lowered the whole prestige of realism. For another, the longing for "leadership" voiced by the man in the street during the last political campaign naturally seeks heroes in literature as well as in life. It is no accident that the rise of Hitler in Germany was preceded by a flood of fictional biographies, romantic and idealistic in tone. The same mood here in weaker form is responsible for the increasing fictional note in American biographies against which Mr. Bernard de Voto has so feelingly protested. Hence—reversing the example—the timeliness of Helen Waddell's biographical novel, "Peter Abelard."

To write on Abelard and Eloise is inevitably to court comparison with George Moore, and with Moore in mind this "Peter Abelard" is thin stuff. The author, to be sure, knows the period and knows her Church Fathers and Roman authors, copious quotations from them being put in Abelard's mouth. The characters move by candlelight through murky Paris chambers and ride down twelfth century roads to Brittany. Nevertheless, the spirit is that of traditional romantic fiction whose locale is not Paris or any other spot on earth but is strictly between the covers of the book. The *dramatis personæ* do not so much talk to each other as across each other to the reader. The observers of the tragic lovers look upon their career with the eyes of a Robert Browning, seeing in it a glorious "absolute of human passion." Abelard himself is a cross between Tristram and Henry Ward Beecher. The attempt to make him the central figure in his own tragedy is unsuccessful. One does not believe in him, in his love of learning, despite the quotations from his own writings which seem as if they must have been the words of some other man. Eloise comes off better, after all, simulating a fairly real human being.

The book, however, is not without distinction. The style has dignity and not infrequent beauty. There is a genuine lyricism in the opening passages, in the Brittany sections, and occasionally elsewhere. Within its romantic conventions, the story is well told, even with a certain kind of sincerity. One who is in the vein to find absolutes in passion will enjoy it. To any reader who happens to be wildly in love at the hour of reading, the book will ring true enough. "For lovers only" ought, perhaps, to be inscribed on the cover.

Songs of the Bookmen

By LEE ANDREW WEBER

Dirge for Poetry

In a dark niche because it must
Deathless poetry gathers dust—
Bright jackets wither and grow pale
From countless thumbings and No Sale.

Someone must have stacked the cards
Against all these immortal bards—
And yet their hopes were once immense:
They published at their own expense.

Reviewers' Chorus

We furnish quotes that start the rages
For novels of two thousand pages,
Romances to outlast the ages—
We are the daily-paper sages.

Out of altruism purely
We laud books that else must surely
Die a lonely death obscurely.

We rack our minds to pen the praises
In pseudo-esoteric phrases
Of books that leave us in cold dazes.

Though editors suppress our sneers
And bitter skeptics mock our cheers,
Our chief conviction never veers:
We are the book-reviewing peers.

Omnibusiness

If you are a famous cuss
They'll take your second-best and wuss
And stuff it in an omnibus—
Though you, in private life, as I,
When in a bookstore wonder why
They print so many omnibi.

Epitaph

St. Peter, when you call the roll
Up there where nothing e'er perturbs,
Keep in sweet innocence this soul
Who died believing jacket blurbs.

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Collective Happiness

WORLD REVOLUTION AND THE U. S. S. R. By Michael T. Florinsky. New York: The Macmillan Company. 1933. $2.

YOUTH IN SOVIET RUSSIA. By Klaus Mehnert. Translated by Michael Davidson. New York: Harcourt, Brace & Co. 1933. $2.

Reviewed by FABIAN FRANKLIN

EVER since the overthrow of the Kerensky government and the triumph of Lenin, there has been a constant flood of books and magazine articles relating to Soviet Russia. This is no more than natural. At the outset of the Soviet revolution, all sorts of wild stories naturally found circulation, and there arose an instant demand for "the truth about Russia." Sensible people, whether radical or conservative, now realize that failure to arrive at the truth does not necessarily imply a love of falsehood—that to find out "the truth about Russia" is an extremely difficult undertaking, and that half a dozen divergent conclusions may all have in them a great deal of truth and none of them anything like the whole truth. But fifteen years of this sort of thing gets on one's nerves, especially when so much of it relates to the statistics of Soviet Russia's economic achievements and economic condition.

It is something of a relief, therefore, to come upon two books, each of which confines itself to one sharply defined aspect of the Soviet story. Neither in "World Revolution and the U. S. S. R." nor in "Youth in Soviet Russia" are we confronted either with formidable masses of statistics or with comprehensive assertions as to the present situation or the future prospects of the Soviet experiment.

Dr. Florinsky's book is a lucid account of the changes that have taken place in the attitude of the Soviet rulers toward the question of world revolution. That this attitude is fundamentally different from what it was in Lenin's time is one of the few cardinal facts about Russia concerning which there is no room for doubt. For some years, both in Russia and in the world outside, the dominant thought about Bolshevism was that the spread of communist revolution in the Western world was essential to the very life of the Soviet system; and upon this object the interest and the efforts of the Soviet chiefs were constantly directed. But all this has been thrust out of the field of present-day Soviet endeavor. Not the least remarkable of Stalin's achievements has been his severance of the idea of communist success from the idea of world revolution.

To effect that severance was by no means an easy task; for its accomplishment the launching of a vast constructive internal program was necessary, but by no means sufficient. For Stalin had to contend, first of all, against the prestige of a Marxian doctrine, backed as it had been by the sacrosanct authority of Lenin. According to that doctrine, socialism could not be established except as a world system. Stalin had to overcome a formidable opposition, based on theory and principle, to his slogan "Socialism in a Single Country," before he could put into motion the practical program to which that slogan pointed—the Five Year Plan and its successors. Dr. Florinsky's very full account of this preliminary controversy will be of interest chiefly to those peculiarly concerned with Russia or with the refinements of revolutionary philosophy; but in addition to this his book throws much light on the whole Soviet story, and especially on the part which the canonization of Lenin has played in it.

By the term "youth," the author of "Youth in Soviet Russia" means both more and less than the whole of Russia's youthful population. He does not attempt to describe either the life or the attitude of the great mass of young Russians; on the other hand, he goes into every phase of the work and thought and feeling of that "élite of Soviet youth" which plays a leading part in the shaping and execution of the Soviet's vast industrial, educational, and propagandist program.

Born in Russia, but of German descent, and taken to Germany in 1914 at the age of eight, Mehnert has made long visits to Russia every year during the past five years; and because of his personal relations with many Russians with whom he had been connected in early life, he has had unusual facilities for intimate observation of all the activities that he describes. Nor does there seem to be any reason to doubt the correctness of his impressions either of these activities or of the spirit by which they are animated. Incidentally, he gives us clear glimpses of the discomforts and privations which the young workers have to endure; but his main theme is the ardor and enthusiasm that constantly sustain them, and the astonishing progress that they have made in their multifarious endeavors. Upon the state of mind which pervades this great body of ardent youth, interesting light is thrown, too, by extracts from novels, etc., illustrative of the spirit of Soviet literature.

Whatever one's own predilections may be, it is impossible to contemplate this spectacle of youthful hope and enthusiasm without a stirring of admiration and sympathy. These young people are filled with a high vision of the future, and they show the sincerity of their faith by strenuous exertion and cheerful sacrifice. But reflection thrusts upon us a vital question concerning the nature of all this enthusiasm and devotion. To the zealous advocate of communism it furnishes conclusive demonstration of the beauty and nobility which life will assume when we shall have sloughed off the sordidness of the individualist régime; but the judicial observer will see in it rather the abnormal afflatus of war than the abiding stuff of peaceful life.

"The Russian Revolution," we are told, has popularized among millions "the consciousness in every single person that he is a responsible part of the whole, a worker and fighter in the great army of the nation"; and this consciousness is most intense in the students out of whose ranks the great body of the "élite of Soviet youth" is constantly being recruited:

> Every single day it is held before their eyes that they are the advance guard of a new era, the creators of a new humanity; that it depends above all on them, to-morrow's leaders of the nation and perhaps of the world, whether the most important revolutionary change in history shall be carried through triumphantly to success. The mightiest possible claims are made on him; he is asked to risk his all for the cause, he is exalted to a hero, if need be to a martyr, and he is won over.

The spirit of the Komsomol—the Communist Youth Association—is thus indicated:

> If a factory supplied rifles of bad quality during the war, it was committing a crime against the entire nation, not only against the soldiers who lost their lives as a result of them; if to-day a factory produces unserviceable machines it is committing a crime against socialism, against all of us who are fighting for its realization. Desertion from the war-front is not a crime against an officer, but a betrayal of comrades; desertion from the front of the Five Year Plan and socialism is not a strike against an employer, but a crime against each one of us.

This is a war code. It demands the same kind of discipline and the same kind of sacrifice that is demanded of the soldier in war time. Granted that the demand is fulfilled, granted that it will continue to be fulfilled without flinching and that the outcome will be complete victory, the crucial question still remains: What will happen after the victory has been won?

The unselfish devotion of millions of people to their country's service—civil and industrial as well as military—in time of war has often been pointed to as proof that desire for the general good may be as effective a spur to effort and labor as is individual interest or ambition. But the argument overlooks an essential difference. In war time, the question is not whether the nation shall be somewhat better off or somewhat worse off; the question is whether it shall be victor or vanquished; and everybody feels that this tremendous and dramatic question is going to be decided for or against the nation according as its people do or do not do their full duty. When war ceases, we don't suddenly become more selfish than we were the day before; what does happen is that there is no longer any tremendous and dramatic significance in our doing our best for the country on the one hand or falling short of it on the other.

The abandonment of world revolution as an immediate object of Soviet endeavor does not mean its abandonment as an ultimate goal. Stalin's doctrine of "Socialism in a Single Country" does not mean that socialism is to end in Russia, but only that it can be made to begin there. Success of the Five Year Plan would be to all the world an object lesson of immeasurable potency. The zeal of the Soviet chiefs, and of the ardent Soviet youth, is inspired by the prospect of establishing the new order not only in Russia but throughout the world. To us, who for the present are merely lookers on, the question whether the gigantic Russian experiment will succeed in attaining its aim should not be of keener interest than the question of the value of the result aimed at. Neither question can be conclusively answered; but there is far more reason for believing that Sovietism can be successfully and permanently established than that, when established, it will be a better, more beautiful, or more satisfying mode of life than that under which we live, and which, in spite of all modifications, is still fundamentally individualistic.

It is easy to be misled by pictures of the idealism and unselfish devotion of the ardent Soviet youth, though the pictures themselves may be entirely truthful. The spirit of the militant struggle to establish

THE NEW GENERATION

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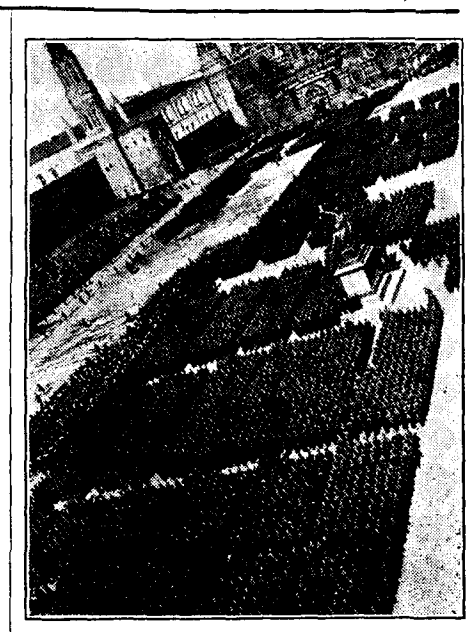

THE RED ARMY OPENS MAY DAY DEMONSTRATION IN MOSCOW

socialism is a wholly different thing from the spirit of the life that would come after the struggle is over. What that would be no one can say with certainty; but there is little basis for the idea that under socialism desire for the general good would become as universal and intense as individual interest and individual ambition now are. Under the individualist régime, doing well or doing ill means the difference between success and failure, between self respect and humiliation, perhaps between prosperity and ruin. Under a socialist régime, with the general welfare as the motive for exertion, to do well would, for the ordinary man, mean merely to add an infinitesimal amount to the aggregate production of the community; even to do extremely well would merely mean to add a somewhat bigger, but still infinitesimal amount. It is true that the sum of all these infinitesimals is an important total; but no man keeps this fact vividly enough before him to make it dominate his whole life; and indeed even the augmentation of the total is not a thing to inspire intense joy, nor its diminution a thing to cause poignant grief. "To make a happy fireside clime to weans and wife" may, to persons filled with grandiose visions of the future, seem an ignoble object; but it has been, in age after age, to countless millions of human beings, an adequate source of everyday virtue, of everyday pleasure and pain and hope and love. Whether regimented consecration to the mass production of collective happiness can permanently be the source of human feeling as deep and as vital remains to be seen.

* *

Fabian Franklin was for many years editor of the Baltimore News *and later associate editor of the* New York Evening Post.

Pérez de Ayala

(*Continued from first page*)

disputations and arguments. Dr. Starkie declares that it is the Celt in him which accounts for the bitter humor in Ayala, and that may well be the reason, too, why there is a fund of talk in all his novels which reminds an Irishman of his own literature.

Comparing Dr. Starkie's version with the original I recognize the skill with which he has accomplished a difficult task, but I am compelled to admit that much of Ayala's style is untranslatable. Enjoyable as the English is, it does not always convey the effect of the Spanish. That may well be the explanation why so little has been translated and with such unsatisfactory results, so far as making Ayala known is concerned. Between the time when "The Fox's Paw" appeared and the present volume, several translators have tried to get a hearing for other books, but in vain. Presumably because they evaporated in the translation. It is also, to my mnid, a question whether any of the three books available in English is exactly the best calculated to establish Pérez det Ayala in English. I have always suggested as first choice *Troteras y Danzaderas,* which Dr. Starkie very aptly describes as the " 'Point Counter Point' of Spain." Perhaps he will give us this as a successor to "Tiger Juan."

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The BOWLING GREEN

Mandarin and Mathematics

I FOUND the Old Mandarin at ease in his high penthouse apartment, which he has furnished somewhat in the likeness of an Eastern pagoda. On the table beside him were sheets of paper scribbled with figures and diagrams; he was shaking two dice in an ivory cup. One of his troupe of serving maids, pretty as a humming bird in bright silk jacket and trousers, brought us wine and sunflower seeds. Glass wind-bells tinkled on the terrace as we sat looking over the summits of Manhattan.

The old man's pleasure in mathematical diversions is well known, so I was not surprised when he handed me the ivory vase. "Throw the dice," he said, "without letting me see them. Remember the two numbers."

I did so, carefully concealing the result. It was the kind of throw I usually get; I am notoriously unlucky in anything to do with reckoning.

"Choose either of the numbers," he said, "and multiply it by five."

"O. K.," I said. "That's easy.

"Add seven, and then double the result."

"Wait a minute. . . . Yes, all right."

"Now add the other number."

"You mean the one on the other die?"

"Yes."

"O. K."

"What is the result?"

"46," I said.

"Then the numbers you threw were 3 and 2."

"Correct, but how do you know?"

"The formula is $10\ x + 14 + y$," he said, x and y being the numbers you threw. I subtracted 14 from the 46 you mentioned. That gave me 32; therefore 3 and 2 were your digits."

I adore that sort of thing, but I never can remember those ingenuities. One good night's sleep always wipes out all the arithmetic I've ever known.

"I'm glad to find you in a mathematical mood," I said, "because I've got a problem of my own. We want to give a big dinner party; big for us, that is. There are to be ten couples at a circular table. Our table is rather inconvenient, every other person has to sit with a leg between his knees; a table-leg, I mean. So we've fixed the positions of the ladies, each of them has a seat unimpeded by legs, the question is how to arrange their husbands with proper attention to social precedence and yet so that no husband adjoins his wife."

"When is the dinner?" he asked.

"Next Monday."

"You had better postpone it a year or so," he said, "until you can get some good book on the Theory of Numbers and study it. The problem involves what are called Discordant Permutations; even W. W. Rouse Ball, in his fascinating work on *Mathematical Recreations* (Macmillan; tenth edition, 1922) says the solution is far from easy. Offhand I should say there are something like 439,000 possible arrangements."

"That is the sort of thing that must make life in the White House very difficult," I suggested.

"Do you remember," said the Old Mandarin, "the classical story of the Chinamen and the American missionaries? A junk in the Yellow Sea, overwhelmed by a typhoon, had to lighten its burden. There were 15 Chinese and 15 missionaries; it was agreed that half of these 30 passengers must go overboard to save the lives of the rest. All 30 stood in a circle and every ninth person, beginning the tally with an old Manchu accountant who was the senior aboard, was to be thrown into the sea."

"It must have been a very slow-moving typhoon to allow for all that counting," I remarked.

"The true scientist," admitted the Old Mandarin, "prefers his experiments under exact laboratory conditions. However, the disturbance and confusion of the gale made it possible for the Manchu (an ancestor of mine, by the way) to place all the Chinamen in a certain order. Imagine the distress of the missionaries when they discovered that every ninth man was one of themselves. However, they were brave men and did not discover the trick until too late."

"I don't believe it's possible," I said.

"Try it for yourself," said the Old Mandarin. "The arrangement was as follows. C stands for Chinaman and M for Missionary." He drew a slip of paper from the inside of his skull cap; on it was written:—

CCCCMMMMMCCMCCCMCMMCC
MMMCMMCCM

"I always keep this memorandum with me," he added, "in case a similar emergency should arise in the subway. But Mr. Rouse Ball (whose book should be in every prudent man's library) says it may be remembered by the sequence of the vowels in this jingle: *From numbers' aid and art, never will fame depart.* In that couplet the vowels *a, e, i, o, u,* represent 1, 2, 3, 4, 5. The arrangement therefore is o Chinamen, *u* Missionaries, *e* Chinamen, and so on."

"Wait for baby," I said. "Give me a minute to check on that."

"In times of political and economic disturbance," he continued, "it is pleasant to recline upon the bosom of mathematics, the nearest approach to Certainty obtainable in a life of illusion. The ancient problems of the Duplication of the Cube, the Trisection of an Angle, the Quadrature of a Circle, are innocent and heavenly employment. Is it not agreeable to know that your mind is going through precisely the same calculations which absorbed Euclid, Archimedes, Newton, Descartes? But I like my mathematics also tinctured with fancy. That is my Oriental bias, I suppose. The very phrase, a Chinese Puzzle, has become proverbial. There is a modern toy, you can buy it on Sixth Avenue, which unwittingly reproduces an Eastern legend. In this amusement you are given a wooden stand with three pegs; on one peg are placed a number of flat rings or disks of graded sizes, the biggest at the bottom. You are asked to shift these rings, singly, from one peg to another, never allowing a ring to rest on one smaller than itself, until the whole pile, in its proper order of sizes, is transferred to a different peg."

"Yes, I know those things," I said. "Horrible."

"The formula is 2^n-1," he replied calmly, "n being the number of rings or disks. Viz., if there are 8 rings on the peg it will require 2^8-1, or 255, individual transfers to complete the shift. But all this is merely a childish recollection of an old Hindoo theology."

He rose ponderously from his *chaise longue* and took down a roll of parchment manuscript from a shelf. This was getting rather deep, I thought, and while his back was turned I swallowed a large hooker of the wine. I never dare do more than sip at it while he is watching. But it washed down some of the sunflower seeds (I've never learned how to crack them properly between my teeth) and I coughed violently. He looked gravely reproachful. He disapproves my rough Western manners.

"In the great temple at Benares," he read from his Chinese scroll, "beneath the dome which marks the center of the world, rests a brass plate in which are fixed three diamond needles, each a cubit high and as thick as the body of a bee. On one of these needles, at the creation, God placed sixty-four disks of pure gold, the largest disk resting on the brass plate, and the others getting smaller and smaller up to the top one. This is the Tower of Bramah. Day and night unceasingly the priests transfer the disks from one diamond needle to another according to the fixed and immutable laws of Bramah, which require that the priest on duty must not move more than one disk at a time and that he must place this disk on a needle so that there is no smaller disk below it. When the sixty-four disks shall have been thus transferred from the needle on which at the creation God placed them, to one of the other needles, Tower, temple and Brahmins alike will crumble into dust, and with a thunderclap the world will vanish."

There's always something about the Old Mandarin's solemnities that carries conviction, you feel that he very likely

FROM A PRINT BY SHARAKU

knows about things. And lulled by the odd tune of his voice, and the pungent wine, perhaps I had not closely attended the details of his reading. But I distinctly understood about the thunderclap and the end of the world.

"Gosh, O. M., that's serious."

He smiled. "I myself have not tarried over the computation," he said, since Rouse Ball has figured it for us. He points out that the number of single transfers the Brahmin priests must make (that is, 2 to the 64th power minus 1) will take them quite a while yet." Again he drew a slip of paper from the scarlet silk lining of his cap. "The exact figure is 18,446,744,073,709,551,615.—I like to keep a few data of that sort with me as consolation in moments of anxiety."

"So in the meantime," he said benignly, "we may still have leisure for amusement."

"Not with arithmetic," I pleaded; "all those digits give me fidgets."

"An approximate rhyme," he said. "I think I can use that. To reward you for being patient I'll show you figures of another sort. I've been doing some choreography. You'll be pleased to learn that by the theory of Numbers, 1934 ought to be a good year. I'll show you."

He rang a gong, and out onto the terrace ran a company of the little Chinese serving maids. There were sixteen of them and each carried a placard with a number. The Old Mandarin must have rehearsed this on purpose to surprise me, for they fell into position without command, gaily marking time to an insinuating music from a Chinese zither. They took their places in serial order, so that the numbers appeared thus:—

1	2	3	4
5	6	7	8
9	10	11	12
13	14	15	16

The Old Mandarin winked at me; when he condescends to so Western a gesture I know he must be feeling cheerful.

"Come on, digits, do your fidgets," he said. "Inner and outer squares, reverse diagonals!"

There was a gay shifting and twirling as the dancers, in tune to the music, performed a graceful evolution. On the stroke of a gong they came to rest in this order:—

16	2	3	13
5	11	10	8
9	7	6	12
4	14	15	1

"Now," said the Old Mandarin, "remark the gaieties of numerology. Take each row horizontally."

Little man, what now? I wondered.

"I mean, add up the numbers," he explained.

"This is certainly the way to teach arithmetic," I agreed. "They all add up to 34."

"Try them vertically."

The result was the same.

"Try the diagonals."

Still the same.

"The groups of four at each corner of the square."

Each of these quartets broke away in turn from the square, turning to music and grinning at me while I totalled their numbers. Still it was 34 each time.

"The four corners of the whole square."

Same result.

"The four in the middle of the square."

Same.

"The middle ones on opposite sides of the square."

Ditto.

While I was still marvelling at these figures the music struck up again and I found that the girls had taken a new order:

1	15	10	8
12	6	3	13
7	9	16	2
14	4	5	11

Moving prettily in time they broke the figure into various quartets each of which always gave the same total. Horizontals, verticals, diagonals, the four corners, the four in the center, the groups in each corner of the big square,—in fact each component four in the whole arrangement, and even the middle pairs on opposite sides, always added to 34.

"Does President Roosevelt know about this?" I asked. "What do you call it, choreography? It looks to me like sorcery. "There must be an omen it."

"Surely there is," said the Old Mandarin. "Every hundred years."

Of course it isn't everybody who has his own troupe of dancing girls to help him work out mathematical fantasies. With a wave of his hand the old sage dismissed them and they skipped away giggling and chattering. I left him leaning over the parapet studying the pattern of New York and sighing, I suppose, for more calculus to conquer.

For my own part, I was late getting back to the office; absent-mindedly I told the taxi-man 34th Street.

CHRISTOPHER MORLEY.

Progress of Chicago

THE TALE OF CHICAGO. By Edgar Lee Masters. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. 1933. $3.75.

MR. MASTERS traces the growth of Chicago from the time when it was just so much flat acreage to the present year. We see Chicago (in 1779) when one lonely man, Baptiste Point du Saible, lived solitary there; we follow to 1795 when the site was bought from the Indians; we watch the struggles of the early settlers with the expropriated natives, the battle of Tippecanoe and the Dearborn Massacre; we see Chicago erecting its buildings and digging its canals, and, only twenty years or so after its destruction in the fire of 1872, arrived at its great World's Fair.

Only about one-fifth of the book is devoted to the events of the twentieth century, while approximately a third of this deals with the careers of Samuel Insull and Al Capone. In his portraits of these men the writer has done a good job, but he has thereby limited his space, and sacrificed a good deal of important material to his vignettes.

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Adorning the Moral

ENTERTAINING THE ISLANDERS. By Struthers Burt. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. 1933. $2.50.

Reviewed by H. W. BOYNTON

THIS writer is not satisfied to be merely an entertainer. He honestly means to get under the surface of human experience and believes that something of value is to be found there. He is for winning clear of the shams and preoccupations of a coded civilization and enjoying the realities of physical and mental freedom. But he wonders whether the present generation is going the right way about it. So he undertakes to find out what the current mood and code come to in relation to a number of contemporaries. We must let our minds play freely about these persons, their natures, their mental and spiritual condition possibilities, their actual plight aboard a craft which rejoices in having thrown all charts overboard but would feel easier if it could find some substitute for the discarded rudder. We shall choose for special observation two passengers, David and Anita, not of the youngest generation but old enough to have added the disillusionment of their twenties to the skepticism of their 'teens. David's roots are in a southern rice plantation, which he still owns but has turned his back on to become a writer of advertising copy in New York. He lives gaily, has (not keeps) a mistress, prospers, and is secretly aware of futility and failure.

In this mood, a little drunk, he meets Anita. She has been married for some years to a handsome waster, has a child but by no means makes a devoted mother; is now ripe for amorous adventure. Anything might happen that first evening, but David refrains. Something has begun between these two that neither understands. The reader understands it well enough; perhaps he has read more novels than they have. This, he perceives, is to be a story of the gradual conversion of two skeptics to the old faith. They are not going to be happy till they have achieved a public and permanent union. And this is about all the story amounts to, as a story. It is enough—if the persons concerned seem to the reader worth his trouble. They do not seem so to me. The male is a blundering bounder and the female an affected egotist. Whenever David does a particularly good bit of bounding Anita breathes, "You're sweet!" Their habit is to dabble feebly in ideas and impulses which come to nothing. Their prattle about sex freedom, their experiments with alcohol, their infantile speculations on life, belong to the period that invented necking and bathtub gin and the philosophy of "Oh, yeah?" They are recognizable as types, but as persons they don't matter.

Struthers Burt has a working theory that all good writing is fiction and that the best sort of fiction is a good novel. He also believes that the way to write is to sit down at a desk and let nature take its course. "If you sit long enough before a desk something is bound to happen." A good method beyond question for those who live by the pen and for the type of genius which knows the use of a wastebasket. But it leads to that species of miscellaneous outpouring which has been most effectively embodied in the Wellsian novel. Wells (with Upton Sinclair and many others after him) has owned himself by choice a purveyor of ideas rather than an artist. The novel is his vehicle or transmitter of theory and commentary, for that larger reading public of our day which has no ear for either treatise or familiar essay. For such a novel the tale is incidental, at best adorns a moral expressed ventriloquially through the lips of the personæ or still more magically through the processes of their minds. By this method dialogue becomes a responsive exercise, consciousness a contrived soliloquy, and action a puppetry more or less pertinent to the text.

Luckily for this kind of novel, a great audience is content with puppetry because it has the knack of ignoring the strings and the voice of the puppeteer. This audience will like "Entertaining the Islanders." The rest of us may find the book worth one reading for its expression of the author's ideas and personality. He has many interesting things to say about the personal and social and political and economic problems of this troubled hour. And if his romantic pair (modernly speaking) are inadequate and most of the minor figures but rudely sketched, he has created one person who alone would richly justify the book. Mr. Julius Wack, retired and wealthy proprietor of Wack's Wax, is a novelty in American millionaires, a benevolent hedonist and amateur of ideas, He has a winter place in St. Birgitta, a mythical West Indian isle once alternately owned by England and Sweden but now under the American flag. The American governor of St. Birgitta is a broad caricature of the hypocritical Yankee of tradition; but Wack has a worthy crony in the humane priest Monsignor Dorsey, whose creed is so unlike his own, but whose attitude toward human affairs is so congenial.

Out of Oklahoma

NO MORE TRUMPETS. By George Milburn. New York: Harcourt, Brace & Company. 1933. $2.50.

Reviewed by WILLIAM ROSBY

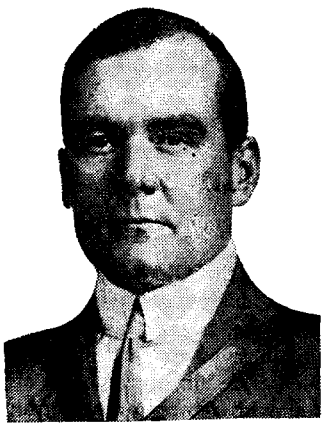
OKLAHOMA is going to matter in American literature! We know an extremely promising poet, Welborn Hope, who there resides. And here is George Milburn, with "No More Trumpets" following his "Oklahoma Town." This is a book of short stories worth reading; indeed it is as much a discovery as was Ernest Hemingway's first collection—and owes nothing whatever to Hemingway, by the bye, at a time when a lot of young men are still falling over each other to imitate Hem the Great. No, these stories are all Milburn's. They aren't all of the same excellence. But anyone capable of writing so sardonic a tale as "Sugar Be Sweet!" is a short-story writer to place your money on.

Some of the other stories, like the opening story, "The Visit to Uncle Jake's," rather miss making any particular point, yet are rich in their observation of the ways of Oklahoma natives. Observation of this kind reaches glorious heights in "The Fight at Hendryx's," such as Old Man Peck's incidental remark that "Hendryx's place was so crowded that you couldn't cuss the cat without getting hairs in your teeth!" The dialect in the telling of this saga is handled superbly, and the story itself is worthy to become a folk-tale. Out of the not unfamiliar phenomenon of a middle-western student's trying to work his way through college, in another kind of tale, Mr. Milburn has wrung a story that fills one with smoldering anger against stupid authority. Yet Charlie Wingate was only "dead for sleep," that was all, between his day classes and his all-night work to pay his way! The Dean of Men is made out the usual blatting chump. His attempt at getting educated is going to mold a grand Bolshevik out of Charlie—or else he will prove to have no spirit at all.

Mr. Milburn, however, is not a propagandist, nor does he, on the other hand, work according to magazine formula. He deals in the ironies of ordinary lives, of the southern woman who ran a summer hotel and hated negroes, till, when her daughters run away from her, it turned out that the husband from whom she had been parted for years had been discovered by her, at length, to be part negro; of the man who had become a well-known trumpet soloist in the reformatory band (this is the title-story) and finds himself totally at a loss upon his release from the reformatory; of the dentist who became a prophet for a brief while, and why; of various Rotarians and "A Pretty Cute Little Stunt" worked by one of the cloth (A first-rate story, this); of the ploughboy who decided to be a poet, became a thumb tourist, and how he came to interview a popular author.

Mr. Milburn will doubtless write better stories than some of these, but the book contains about half a dozen out of eighteen that are quite superior to the general run. That is a good batting average. A new fiction writer has distinctly "arrived."

"R·H·D."



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Francis Jammes

MY DAUGHTER BERNADETTE. By Francis Jammes. Translated from the French by Lucy Humphrey Smith. Boston: Bruce Humphries. 1933. $2.50.

Reviewed by RAYMOND LARSSON

FRANCIS JAMMES was born in 1868, the place of his birth, Tournay, a small village in the *Hautes-Pyrénées,* of no pretensions, no past brightly-peopled; his family, bourgeois, eminently respectable, distinguished only in the eyes of the young child, except for Jammes's grandfather, Jean-Baptiste, who had the Cross of Honor, a diseased heart, and had lived in Guadeloupe.

It is in the *Pyrénées* that Jammes has spent his life, in Tournay, Pau, Orthez. The great hills, the little villages, he has worn like a sort of Franciscan habit. Even when he had become a figure of importance among French writers, he would not be dissuaded: it was in the *Pyrénées* he wished to remain.

Jammes's first book, "Vers," was published—or, rather, it was printed—in 1893, by the provincial printer, J. Goude-Dumesnil, of Orthez. A copy of it found its way to the *Mercure de France,* and because it was dedicated to an Englishman, it was presumed the name, "Jammes," was a curious mistake and one of the two m's an error. "The name of the author," said the *Mercure,* is unknown. Is it a pseudonym?"

Nevertheless, the success of "Vers" was immediate. There were not poems like this, were there? in all the French language. Mallarmé spoke of them with enthusiasm; André Gide, Henri de Regnier praised them. Almost at once, Jammes was a figure. Himself one who refused allegiance to any "school," Jammes became almost at once the center of one, and "*le Jammisme*" became recognizable here, there. But Jammes's integrity, sincerity of purpose, remain unchanged.

"*Mon style,*" says Jammes, "*balbutie, mais j'ai dit ma verité. . . . Pour être vrai, mon cœur a parlé comme un enfant.*" ("My style is halting, but I have spoken my truth. . . . Because it is true, my heart has spoken like a child.") He has spoken truly: "*Pour être vrai, mon cœur a parlé comme un enfant.*"

Simplicity, directness, purity: these Jammes possesses to an extraordinary degree. His genius is his love. The *Bon Dieu,* "Mary of Nazareth," his ancestors, people, animals, houses, things, the seasons, and those whom Season has turned under, who are the dead, now seasonless: his love embraces each, all. "Passion," in Jammes, is "intensity": he burns, but his burning is not remarkable for leap, flame, but glow. His love does not consume but lights, and is like light about the object of his love. His love is come in gentleness, nor is "gentleness" "senility." It is for this he is distinguishable among contemporary French, among contemporary writers—for this, and his simplicity, his complete guilelessness.

On the publication of the only other of his books to be translated into English, "The Romance of the Rabbit" (translated by Gladys Edgerton, and published by Nicholas Brown in 1920), an anonymous reviewer of *The Dial* said of Jammes, "he has . . . borrowed tobacco of the *Bon Dieu.*" And of himself, Jammes has said, "I have the faith of a cobbler." Indeed, it is apparent that, to Jammes, the *Bon Dieu* is Someone rather like Jammes's own grandfather, and one is not alarmed to find in "My Daughter Bernadette" a farm "like the kennel of the dog of the Good God." His is a mysticism as simple, direct, childlike, unspoiled, and natural as his heart.

Jammes is, nevertheless, no "romantic." The properties of Romanticism are absent from his book. He is quite patently a realist. Or, rather, since in America "realism" is used chiefly to describe the works of Mr. Dreiser and Mr. Anderson, the word might better be "naturalist." The mythologies, the temples, the Muses grouped as for charades, the "high tragedy," these are absent: in their places are the *Hautes*—the *Basses-Pyrénées,* the farm "like the kennel of the dog of the Good God," Jammes's "nearest neighbor, François, the cobbler, who has a bird," his pipe, his stick, his house, his child. It is no romantic who says of a mouth that it "opens like a milk-pitcher."

His style, if one may speak of a "style" as belonging to so direct an utterance as his prose, is the product of his simplicity, his disingenuousness. It is equally possible for him to say, "The Earth, having offended its Creator, for some time was only a tear rolling around in the eye of the sky," and that a carriage has "four wheels like Ursa Major." It is his simplicity which permits him to say the tiles in the Rue Saint-Pierre are "rusty like the keys of Heaven," and to compare his infant daughter's head appearing from swaddling clothes to "the head of the insect called the caddishfly" appearing "from its wooden case or the turtle's from its shell." It is possible even for him to compare the child so: "Come nearer. She sleeps. She looks like an ant's egg," and for him immediately to continue with, "The good God has lighted her like a little lamp which lights the paper where I write the name Bernadette."

"Cousin-german to Saint Francis," Jammes is cousin also to Rousseau, "*triste botaniste*" as Jammes has called him. It is a curious, but not entirely to be wondered-at influence: Saint Francis, Rousseau. They do not conflict; they are coördinated: there is a whole of them, and the whole is Jammes,—the Jammes who wrote "*Prière pour aller au Paradis aves les Ames,*" who remarks to his sleeping child the presence of "god sleeping by your cradle," and who manages to resemble also that other Rousseau who so painted trees that, with their splayed leaves, they remind one of negro savages holding before them in wonder their opened hands.

Jammes's books are like the shells a child collects "for God." It is regrettable only two have been "done into English." The first to be translated is now to be come upon only in obscure drug-stores, on tables of remaindered books.

"My Daughter Bernadette" is one of Jammes's later books. It consists of a series of prose pieces, which are, in all except that they do not follow the strict forms of verse, poems, each composed for an event in the life of his infant daughter: birth, baptism, "the visit to the living," "the visit to the dead," vaccination, illness, the coming of a tooth, a first Christmas, a first Easter; trivialities the plain list of which is not likely to dispose the sophisticated reader, it must be admitted, in the favor of pieces composed for such events. Yet Jammes accomplished the impossible: it is just such vulgar, such common incidents of which he makes a fine poetry. Profound emotion is strangely present among these pieces: from such trivialities, a sense of immanent mysteries is evident. The past, the present, the hugely present "possible": these are sensed by Jammes in the room in which his daughter sleeps, cries, cuts a tooth; they are sensed by the reader poignantly beyond the simple shapes of his simple words.

The latter half of "Bernadette" is composed of portraits: "Your Dead," the grandfather, Jean-Baptiste, who had the diseased heart and the Cross of Honor; the grandfather, Augustine, "above all a musician," who strolled the boulevard of "an elegant village" and sat in halls of "silent fashionable people" listening to afternoon music, whom "the presence of a single mosquito in his room" made wish "he had never been born"; a Grandmother . . . but some coral, some silk, and two gold grapes that trembled in her ears." In these pages, time is a solvent. The accounts of elders, experiences of the past, present encounters with ideas, things, old turns of heart; the dead, the living,—of these Jammes writes as though on illumined, great-initialed pages. They are pieces made in love, in praise.

Gerhart Hauptmann has at last completed the drama upon which he has been at work for years. It is entitled "Die Goldene Harfe" (The Golden Harp), and takes for its background the Wars of Liberation. It is to be produced this winter in Europe.

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Recollections of a New York Cop

A COP REMEMBERS. By Captain Cornelius W. Willemse. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co. 1933. $3.

Reviewed by MURRAY GODWIN

CON WILLEMSE, retired captain of New York police, has been through the mill. He began by running away from his home in Rotterdam, where a stern father tried to pin him to an existence of work, eat, and sleep. His readiest refuge was a steam-and-sail emigrant carrier; on this vessel he signed as cook's mate, only to desert as soon as the ship reached New York and to embark on a career of pot-wrangling and pearl-diving in the beaneries of the New World. However, as the late T. A. Dorgan used to remark, you can't keep a squirrel on the ground. Con Willemse was too husky and hearty a fellow, too handy a man with a right swing, backheel, or hammerlock, to be let toil in the obscurity of an inn kitchen on Park Row. After some preliminary batting around, and a trip to Bellevue with blood poison, he gravitated by natural selection to the job of presiding over the best free lunch in town, at the Eagle Hotel, the Bowery at Sixth Street. Here, besides feeding the hungry and throwing out the unruly, he gained first-hand knowledge of about all the types a policeman might be called on to deal with in the course of a tough year's work. A few years at the Eagle, and his education was complete as far as the groundwork was concerned. There remained only the task of passing an examination and waiting for an appointment. In 1900 Con Willemse became a cop. He is still a cop, for that matter, for his police experience forms the stuff of his platform lectures and his books, of which the present volume is the second.

Captain Willemse, I think, must have been an excellent cop when on active duty, and he has emerged from his hitch in harness a vigorous, self-confident, congenial, and kindly if sometimes obtusely sentimental fellow. But I cannot refrain from observing that his story reveals some profound defects in the present police system—and reveals them moreover at points the vulnerability of which he seems not to recognize. He recognizes and freely condemns the interference of political influence with law enforcement, the crimes of the Vice Squad, and the practice of collecting graft of various sorts. He confesses to having employed his powers as a public officer to rob a retail butcher of a Christmas turkey, and to having served as guard for a privileged gambling house while ostensibly functioning as part of a cordon formed to prevent operation of such establishments. In the first instance I respect his resentment, and in the second I feel no compulsion to arraign him for his faults.

But when Captain Willemse justifies the cop's acceptance of handouts and presents from wealthy persons or concerns, on the ground that these represent only honest, merited compensation for especially good protection, especially discriminating service, and decidedly extra-official trouble-settling and hushing-up, I must admit I feel critically indignant for reasons which have nothing to do with literature. There are all too many examples of such protection, such service, and such trouble-settling and hushing-up in Captain Willemse's book. A wealthy young wife fandangles with a slicker at the seashore; the slicker tries to shake her down for the return of her notes and photographs; Captain Willemse and a fellow cop are called in by her family, and as a favor to the favored class they catch the slicker, batter him to a pulp, and confiscate the telltale tokens of the wealthy young wife's regard. That is all there is to it. Granted that being a public officer should not impel one to discard all discretion and sympathy, it is obvious that procedure of this sort is indistinguishable from that of free-lance gangsters and thugs. Except that it is somewhat less honorable, since the protagonists carry the badge of public authority, enjoy public trust, and draw their sustenance from public funds, while engaging in strictly private mayhem on behalf of the well-to-do. On the other hand, when a harassed longshoreman speaks harshly to his youngest child, who has strayed from home and given the parents some worried hours, the cops who have been caring for the baby in the interim unanimously offer him lectures, curses, and the threat of a beating up the next time they see him liquored. They relent only when the poor beast of burden cries and folds the baby in his arms. Yet the longshoreman almost certainly was paying a far larger share of his income into the public treasury, and therefore into the police fund, then any wealthy client whom Captain Willemse ever helped out of a personal scrape without a scratch. Space lacks, or I should adduce several instances of matter-of-fact social anesthesia on the part of the police, from the volume under inspection. Doubtless the defect thus indicated is too deep for merely technical treatment, but British experience seems to show that, even with things as they are in general, we have a good deal of slack to take up before we reach the limit of public police efficiency.

Literature as an Art

ACADEMIC ILLUSIONS. By Martin Schütze. Chicago: University of Chicago Press. 1933. $3.

Reviewed by HENRY NOBLE MACCRACKEN

THIS book by the Professor of German Literature at the University of Chicago might more properly be entitled "The Teaching of Literature as An Art." In the somewhat cumbrous phraseology of "a theory of integral variables," Professor Schütze advances the contention that a work of literature is "a closed organic whole, which cannot be reduced to elements of dialectic absolutistic deduction or of factualistic inference."

In other words, a poem is a law to itself. It is not a good poem because it obeys the laws of a critical expert who has used observation and inference to establish canons of criticism. Equally against romantic and classical theories, the author claims that the elements of each separate work comprise an ultimate and authentic process of understanding and cognition. According to this theory, there are no real canons of literature. We cannot argue as to what is tragic, or not tragic; there are only separate tragedies. Of course, each work of art is attended by theories, techniques of production which yield to scientific study, but the work itself defies this analysis and is to be appraised only of and for itself.

Therefore, according to Professor Schütze, the process of preparation with a graduate student in literature, which is, for the most part, a training in these techniques, is almost wholly wasted and is likely to make him less useful as a teacher of the art. The true teacher of literature should be, above all, humanistic, and he should be a lover of humanity. He should be a man of letters capable of creative achievement, which indeed should be the test of success, as it would be in an academy of art. The first half of the volume is devoted to a review of the metaphysical theories of literature and art, as they have been developed in German literature, with an extremely interesting section devoted to Goethe, and to the experience and meaning of poetry.

Many pithy observations are to be found in the pages of this exceedingly interesting work, which, in spite of its repelling vocabulary of German philosophy, is of real importance to the world of education. With the main contention of the author, the reviewer is in full sympathy, and has for years advocated the presence, on faculties of English literature, of creative writers alongside of factualistic experts. He has found it stimulating to have a Hervey Allen teaching students of American literature. It is, however, barely possible that the devotion of considerable time to the acquisition of scientific techniques does not necessarily deprive such a student of capacities for esthetic appreciation. A humanistic philosopher is not disqualified from sympathy with his fellow mortals by the possession of a body of accurate knowledge, and, after all, as time has again and again proved, teaching is an occupation by itself and is an art separate both from the creative process and from scientific research. A true teacher should undoubtedly be humanistic in sympathy, and should have the capacity for creative achievement, but that he should have produced works of high order seems asking too much. It is of the first importance nevertheless that the creative writers of each living generation should be brought into close touch with the youth of their time through university life.

❧ ❧

Henry Noble MacCracken is President of Vassar College.

A bronze bust of Peter Mitterhofer, a Tyrolese, and by profession a carpenter, who invented the typewriter in 1864, has just been unveiled. This Austrian constructed the first model of a typewriter that could be used. He was born in 1822 and died in 1893 in poverty.

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The PHŒNIX NEST

By WILLIAM ROSE BENÉT

FALL CLEANING

THIS last week my apartment has been in process of redecoration, and I have been stumbling over lamps on the floor (not floor-lamps!), rolled up rugs, and pails of paint. Now, however, the hurricane has swept past; but it suggests to me that it might be a good plan to do a sort of Fall cleaning through that side of my desk that harbors all possible *Phœnix Nest* material. *Imprimis,* I come to the poetry submitted, which I should have done something about, *pro or con,* certain æons ago.

I shall have to make a clean sweep of this verse, either listing it here, in lieu of printing it, or printing it. (And I can only use a couple—this department has limited space.) Recently one lady who submitted a poem did not understand that *The Phœnix Nest* can neither take any responsibility for verse submitted or pay anything for it. Its general manager is in exactly the same position as any newspaper columnist. I naturally like to get good verse; and when I like it, I am glad to print it if I have room. But that is all I can do.

ACKNOWLEDGMENT TO POETS

Katharine Shepard Hayden sent me a sonnet from Madison, Wisconsin; *Nancy Evans* submitted a tribute to the late *Sara Teasdale; Margaret Halverson,* from Maryland, sent me a sonnet; *E. C. Forbes,* of Maine, submitted a brief poem, "The Tides"; *Mary E. Gross,* of Pennsylvania, honored me with a poem about the woods; *Ivan Swift,* of Detroit, let me see a poem to *Helen Keller; John N. Perry,* of this city, wrote some amusing lines on a bookshelf; *Agnes M. Hickey,* of Mount Vernon, celebrated a turtle, and *Clyde Robertson* an amaranth. For one reason and another I can give space to none of these poems. I am very sorry. Those that had stamped envelopes accompanying them are going back to their authors, though this department takes no responsibility for the return of poems.

Of those who have favored me with more than one poem are *Eleanor Alletta Chaffee,* of Ridgewood, N. J.; *Edwina Stanton Babcock, Jeannette Hall* of Texas; *Norma Keating, George Meason Whicher,* and two Oklahoma poets, *Welborn Hope* and *S. C. Giesey.* Going through this sheaf without fear or favor I choose two poems to print here, *Mrs. Babcock's* "Scallopers" and *S. C. Giesey's* "Seminole Pool." I choose these two poems because they give clear and interesting pictures of different sections of America. Of several rather mystical poems, *Mrs. Babcock's* "Logos" and *Norma Keating's* "Transfiguration" are the most interesting. *Miss Chaffee's* sonnets and lyrics are above the average but do not display quite enough originality. *Jeannette Hall's* poem about the various books born in jail I should like to print, but simply have not the room. I am reserving a letter from *Welborn Hope,* its pendant being a poem on "Killers of the Old West" for publication later on. His other poems seem to me not quite his best. *George Meason Whicher's* light verse I am also holding in reserve, if he does not mind.

SCALLOPERS

By Edwina Stanton Babcock

The mist that hung all night in scrub-oak thickets
And trailed along black branches of sea-pine
Sinks into hollowed commons at this hour
Muffling the feeble telegraph of crickets
Spattering message over cottage pickets
Or where the mealy plum trails crimson vine;
Clicking the news to tautened tips of flowers
"Frost Is Off Shore Not Very Many Hours."
The red disks of the zinnias, the spores
Of marigold, drop summer from burning cores,
And ships of milkweed signal thistle towers.

Along the wharves the scallop boats align,
Jostling hull on hull where hawsers fret;
Nina, Pearl, Petrel, and Caroline;
Masts thick festooned with tawny ottar net,
Their decks clean-scrubbed, their salty coiled ropes wet.
From sooty galley-pipe through dawn-dark-drizzling
Comes cheerful scent of coffee, of bacon sizzling—
Accordion snatch, tobacco-spurted bet.

At six o'clock the town-clock church bell rings
From shingled roof to roof its summonings.
Across the harbor's silver sunrise glitter
The Petrel starts, trailing her dory-litter.
Marty, the mate, puts up his box of snuff,
Wipes his smeared mouth and says it's cold enough.
The captain lights his pipe, the burly mate astern
Throws off the painter, gives the wheel a turn,
Slaps down a locker, moves aside a slat,
Sets the motor whirring, purring like a cat.
Now every engine's humming, jumping like a borer,
A snorter, a bumper, a twister, a snorer,
Until the boats are off, just scraping Hussey's Flat.

The East turns gold, a scattered wavering flock
Of early morning gulls on laboring wing fly down
Over gray sea, beyond the island town.
With hurrying beat, like eager pulses thrumming,
Around Brant Point the scallop-boats go drumming.

That strikes me as an unusually vivid bit of description. It is life keenly observed and set down with accuracy. Whence let us turn to another part of America in

SEMINOLE POOL

By S. C. Giesey

"—The survivors live in Oklahoma, where they are peaceable and tractable."

In Seminole, in Springtime, by their glitter,
Held jealously by grass-roots, one may find
Heart-shaped flints cleaned by the early rains,
Arrowheads—Cheyenne, maybe—chipped long ago
For hunting bison here before the Run.

Cheyenne, Apache, Comanche, Arapahoe,
Great hunters and proud fighters loved this land.
The spoor of their fierce exodus is plain
Alike on pictured page and these brown hills
Sown with their flints and bones.

And there are other relics. Clay-faced, fat,
Untidy braves loaf on the littered curbs,
Of all the white man's burdens least and last;
Green-kerchiefed squaws whose sons might have been chiefs
Chew their cigar-butts, while the oil-trucks pass.

I believe in encouraging such descriptions of America in verse. This is a big country, there is plenty of material, and such descriptions carry their own implications for anyone who does a little thinking.

MASEFIELD'S NEW DRAMA

Last week we intended to write a review of the Poet Laureate's latest drama. Indeed we did manage it, but the limits of our space crowded it out. We think Masefield has occacionally succeeded, particularly in that Japanese play, "The Faithful," in writing commandingly for the theatre. But his long experimentation in the realm of what is really the "little theatre" has not been too good for his work. Here is our review:

John Masefield's "End and Beginning," (Macmillan) is one of the plays in verse that he has written for enacting in his theatre at Boar's Hill, Oxford. The theme is the execution of Mary Queen of Scots. It is the old tragic story. The verse is characteristically Masefieldian in its sad nobility of cadence. But power is now less apparent in the moulding of lines, and only where the Spirit of Beauty speaks does any of the old inspiration seem to enter into the phrase:

Among that planet's quiet, she'll descry
The wild duck stringing, crying as they fly
And laughing, fly with them, and see the night
Drift into colour, colour into light
And know the nightmare over, that has been
Living on earth a prisoner and a queen.

MR. THAYER STARTS IN briskly . . . to enter into the growing obsession of Abe Adams with the life history of a dead harlot. He has her 'little red Book' and he begins to try to track down all the people there fragmentarily listed who might enlarge his understanding of her. . . .

"You do not believe more than half that Abe Adams believes about her. He is in love with the idea of her.

"But that last statement is what makes for the peculiar originality of the novel. Abe Adams is in love with a dead woman who he never knew existed when she was in the flesh. She is a woman only in her experience with men—a manifold experience—for she dies a comparatively young girl. How did she 'get that way?' Was she just an ordinary tart? . . . Affair after affair after affair he discovers. But he continues to believe that this was no ordinary woman. . . .

"This reviewer thinks Mr. Thayer's sympathy with and understanding of Rosita quite remarkable and moving. It might have been said of her, 'All Her Lovers Were Stupid,' for a sorrier lot of goofs of different kinds were never assembled by a novelist. We felt like cheering when we read, 'This was a potential mother, perverted from its destiny, visited by countless dullards who knew not what they sought and went away without realizing what they had got.'

"Through Abe's thoughts . . . we have somehow a Rosita who lingers long in the mind. Not a woman of character, but a woman of strange generosities, arousing our genuine pity, even our wrath at the entirely callous fools surrounding her.

"I did not know that Mr. Thayer had this tenderness and understanding . . . he has created a living woman in whom one believes."

—William Rose Benét, in *The Saturday Review of Literature.*

Thank you,

Mr. Benét

for so warmly seconding our own thoughts about ONE WOMAN, the new novel by Tiffany Thayer. We, too, "felt like cheering" when we had finished the manuscript and realized that here was the novel that surpasses the same author's famous *Thirteen Men.* We, too, were captivated by Rosita—one woman—destined to receive lovers "who knew not what they sought and went away without realizing what they had got." Do you know that when Tiffany Thayer was a reporter on the Chicago *American,* Rosita was an actual assignment given him? Out of his experience in those exciting days comes this sympathetic, deeply-felt story of her hard and brittle life.

ONE WOMAN by TIFFANY THAYER

2nd printing, 435 pages, $2.50
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Conducted by AMY LOVEMAN

Inquiries in regard to the choice of books should be addressed to MISS LOVEMAN, c/o *The Saturday Review*. A stamped and addressed envelope should be enclosed for reply.

"OLD BOOKS OLD WINE"

NOW that "the true, the blushful Hippocrene" may again before long be an object of legitimate traffic in these States we don't know whether it's going to lessen or increase the interest in the literature of drink. Certainly within the past decade there has been a more or less steady flow of books intended for the amateur in wine making and for the host who would mix a convivial cocktail for his guests in defiance of the law. We take it, however, that *G. T. F. of Lake Forest, Ill.*, has something a little more scientific in mind when he asks us for a list of booksellers in this country and Europe who might supply works on "brewing, whiskey, distilling, wines, and winemaking." And we can see a fascinating library in the making if the volumes he collects give room to historical as well as to technical discussion. Even to our haphazard interest a dozen subjects we'd like to know more about occur. There's the resinated wine, for instance, over which we used to make such a wry face in Greece, and which we were told had been characteristic of the ancient as well as of the modern Hellas. Indeed, unless memory tricks us, the ancients complained that their pine forests were being depleted because of the injurious habit of slashing the trees in order to procure the gum. Was medicinal virtue supposed to inhere in its use? And why was the best tokay supposed to be trodden out by barefooted peasants dancing on the grapes? And when did the delightful custom arise which Vienna preserves to this day of hanging a twig outside the door of its inns to show that the vintage is completed and about to be celebrated in the simple democracy of goodfellowship? There must be a voluminous literature on liquor that will elucidate these subjects and hundreds of others besides. Our Alter Ego, Ruth Flint, interviewed the ever-obliging Mr. Dauber of Dauber & Pine as to where it is to be procured and reported that he had in his own shop some rare works on brewing, distilling, etc., but was finding it difficult to keep them in stock because of the sudden demand for books of the sort which had sprung up within the past year. He suggests Marks & Co., of 82 Charing Cross Road, London, as a source from which to procure such volumes, and the Holliday Book Shop here, which does not itself handle them, thinks that Maggs Brothers, Elkin Matthews, and W. & G. Foyle, all of London, will be certain to have them. To this list our colleague, Christopher Morley, who can read such poetry into drinking as to make us regret our own distaste for spirituous liquors, adds the name of Perry Brothers. Knopf has issued several books in this country which might interest G. F. B., among them "American Wines and How to Make Them," by Philip M. Wagner, and "A Book of French Wines" and "A Book of Wines Other than French," by P. Morton Shand. Simon & Schuster has a volume under preparation at the moment by Frank Schoonmaker. Knopf published not so long ago a delightful book by G. B. Stern, entitled "Bouquet," which was a study of the wines of France. Such bookdealers as Rosenbach, and Sessler in Philadelphia, and Argos in Chicago, have doubtless among their collections volumes of the sort which G. F. B. desires. Oh, yes, and we mustn't forget that quite at the psychological moment a notice came in with our mail from the Bacchus Club, Box 113, New Haven, Conn., to the effect that the association still has for sale a few copies of Selden Rose's "Wine Making for the Amateur." "Oh, Sairey, Sairey," as we said when we began this department, "little do we know what lays before us." Certainly we never expected to be dispensing information on how to get books on brewing and whiskeys.

BURRS TO THOUGHT

We're on *terra* firmer (the pun took us unawares and though we know it is execrable we'll let it stand) when it comes to the request of *M. T. L. of Chicago, Ill.*, that we suggest "some books that are thought provoking" for "a study group of women interested in worth-while contemporary literature." We don't know what proportion of their program M. T. L.'s friends intend to devote to fiction, but we take it for granted that a good part of their time will go to consideration of the problems that bulk so large in the world of affairs today. Surely with Hitlerism the menace and horror it is they will wish some authoritative statement upon its methods and aims such as is excellently set forth in brief compass in Hamilton Fish Armstrong's "Hitler's Reich" (Macmillan). Within a week or two Houghton Mifflin are to issue Hitler's autobiography, "My Battle," which ought to prove an intensely provocative book, and one which it seems to us the opponents of the Hitler régime should welcome rather than oppose. Surely there is no more effective way of destroying a man than by condemning him from his own lips. Nothing did more to convince the world of the ruthlessness of German militarism in 1914 than the publication in English of General Bernhardi's book which showed how completely the Germans in entering Belgium and pursuing their relentless course were acting in accordance with preconceived plans. Nothing is ever to be gained by suppressing pronouncements which are intrinsic to the appraisal of a case. But we must desist; we've strayed from our business which is to list books and not deliver homilies. So back to our task. There is another volume just coming from the press which should prove of high interest to those concerned with public affairs in John Strachey's "The Menace of Fascism" (Covici-Friede). This young man, a son of the late St. Loe Strachey and cousin of Lytton, who looks like a youth and has the brilliance which seems a family heritage, is a person to be watched. His first volume, "The Coming Struggle for Power," proved him a disputant of no mean ability, and this new volume confirms the earlier impression. But we mustn't give M. T. L. only works on political matters for her group. They would, quite as likely, be interested in Logan Pearsall Smith's "On Reading Shakespeare" (Harcourt, Brace), a delightful discussion by a stimulating writer; Elizabeth Drew's "Discovering Poetry" (Norton), a study shot through with illuminating quotations; Storm Jameson's "No Time Like the Present" (Knopf), which should appeal to all women who have the cause of peace at heart; Violet Clifton's "The Book of Talbot" (Harcourt, Brace), the biography of her husband, one of those adventurous souls which England alone produces in its perfection and a remarkable book in style and emotional intensity; Winifred Holtby's entertaining satire on civilization and barbarism, "Mandoa, Mandoa" (Macmillan), and Louis Bromfield's "The Farm" (Harpers), a chronicle of American life thinly disguised as fiction. When M. T. L. needs more we'll be glad to draw up a further list.

TO THE RESCUE

S.O.S. We need help. Who said "I don't want people to be sorry I have died, but I want them to be glad that I have lived"? *C. S. of Chicago* calling. We have tried in vain to trace the quotation and cast it now to the memories of our readers.

MONTAGUE AND WERTENBAKER

Incidentally we're glad we can answer *H. W. H. 3rd, Bayhead, N. J.*, who wishes to know whether all of Margaret Prescott Montague's work has been published in one volume and whether Charles Wertenbaker has ever written any other books similar to "Before They Were Men." We can reply no to both counts. Mrs. Montague has sixteen volumes to her credit, beginning with "The Poet, Miss Kate, and I" (Baker & Taylor), published in 1905, and ending with "Up Eel River" (Macmillian), issued in 1928. We'll supply the full list on demand. Charles Wertenbaker's "Before They Were Men" is a volume composed of stories originally printed in the *Saturday Evening Post*. That far-flung journal would never have published his "Boojum" (Liveright), a book collegiate and profane in character, or "Peter the Drunk" (Liveright), which, Mr. Wertenbaker himself says, is just like its name.

水滸傳

An Invitation

We wish to send to readers of *The Saturday Review* (free upon request) a 32-page brochure introducing ALL MEN ARE BROTHERS, Pearl Buck's translation of the great Chinese novel SHUI HU, which we shall publish on October 5, in two volumes.

This novel, written five hundred years ago and never before translated into English, is one of the two or three books which every literate Chinese reads. We believe that it will take its place for all time on the shelf of every book-lover with the great folk tales and epics of other races and other periods—with the Arabian Nights, the Canterbury Tales, Don Quixote, the legends of Robin Hood and of King Arthur. Though directly comparable to none of these, it has something of all of them.

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The brochure which we offer includes a reproduction of an old Chinese print, Mrs. Buck's extended introduction, the preface of Shih Nai-an, and the 16-page prologue which begins the adventures of the one hundred and eight "righteous robbers."

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The New Books

Belles Lettres

THE ART OF HAPPINESS. By Henry Dwight Sedgwick. Bobbs-Merrill. 1933. $2.

Mr. Sedgwick, who is perhaps best known for his colorful biographies of such figures of history as Henry of Navarre, Cortes, Lafayette, the Black Prince, as well as a study of the life of Alfred de Musset, has given us a very gentle and persuasive study of Epicurus and his way of life. In a way very different from Anatole France's thoughtful excursion into the "Garden of Epicurus" he has taken us back to the fourth century B.C. and shown us not the selfish, pleasure-loving figure as commonly conceived, but rather a wise-counselling sage amid his delightful surroundings, one for whom he has a deep sympathy and a rather adequate understanding.

As a matter of fact, Mr. Sedgwick has given us such a readable book that there is danger of being carried away by its suave style to the neglect of some of its underlying assumptions. It is assumed by him that the Epicurean is egoistic and is at least honest about admitting it. Be that as it may, egoism is not always synonymous with Epicureanism, not all egoists are possessed of Epicurean charm! Nor, on the other hand, are all non-Epicureans as hypocritical about their little store of altruism as he would have us think. Furthermore, he has not made adequate refutation of the time-honored argument against hedonism that it does not produce real nobility of character; in other words, there is no roll-call of heroes among the hedonists. Indeed, he admits, that "if all the world were to become Epicurean, courageous heroism would cease."

E. D.

Fiction

LIFE IN THE UNITED STATES. By various authors. Scribner's. 1933. $2.50.

Here is a book not undeserving of its somewhat expansive title. Of late *Scribner's Magazine* has been publishing short sketches submitted for a prize offered for "the best article representing a first-hand experience or observation of American life," hoping by "appealing directly to those who were not professional writers to discover a more wholesome and contented picture of life than the work of the foremost writers suggested." Twenty-seven contributions out of 4,500 offered were bought, and are here presented; and an amazingly good lot they are.

It must be observed, however, that a great many of them (including the prize winner, Frances Woodward Prentice's "Oklahoma Race Riot") are the work of professional writers; and while no doubt they are based on first-hand experience or observation most of them have been worked over into the form of fiction. This type of fictional sketch, deriving from Gorki and Chekhov, was first popularized in this country by the *Mercury;* but if Mencken planted, Dashiell and Perkins watered, and may congratulate themselves on the increase. For whether these twenty-seven narratives are fact or fiction, they are all good reading; and they do present a varied and in many respects a novel picture of American life.

Not that they could be called particularly contented, except by contrast with Faulkner and the like; and their wholesomeness is mostly that of truth rather than of any tendency toward optimism. The prize story and two or three others deal with the race problem; Ruth Crawford's "The Jersey Devil Came" treats of technological unemployment; Connie McCrae's "Five Kids from the East Side" sprouts from a more permanent type of poverty, and Sarah-Elizabeth Rodger's "Florida Interlude" pictures the disastrous boom in Miami.

Along with that, however, you have the pure comedy of Owen Francis's "The Ladies Call on Mr. Pussick," the more sophisticated comedy of Rion Bercovici's "A Radical Childhood," and an old-fashioned American pioneer story in Mary Hesse Hartwick's second-prize contribution, "Hills of Home." And even if you have just risen from an epicure's dinner, you won't be able to read Edward Hilts's "Drummer's Rest" without a watering of the mouth.

E. D.

VULNERABLE. By Dale Collins. Bobbs-Merrill. 1933. $1.50.

This book does not, as might be supposed, add to the current congestion of revelations on the inner workings of "Contract Bridge." The fateful and ruthless cards, on the other hand, are collectively pictured as constituting the major villain of a story of the high seas, in that a card game of one kind or another is directly responsible for each of a long series of catastrophes on shipboard, ranging from unrequited love to the extermination of a "Bridge" partner guilty of excessive criticism.

The novelty of the theme does not compensate for a bewildering crudeness of style, and an exaggerated plot, which achieves increasing action, but is without the benefit of any logical development.

GOD'S TENTH. By Doreen Wallace. Harper. 1933. $2.

Here is a book with a double interest, and this reviewer enjoyed it chiefly as a commentary on the news. English agriculture seems to be as badly off as American agriculture, with one added burden that makes its plight even worse—the tithe system that lays on a single industry the support of the national Church, as well as of shrewd investors who bought tithe rights in times past. Protests against this state of things have lately broken into the cable dispatches, and "God's Tenth" shows you why; the auction at which Laura Harden's neighbors gather to make sure that there shall be no serious bids for her stock sold off to cover the tithe she could not and would not pay reads like the story of a foreclosure sale in Iowa. But English law has another recourse apparently unknown in this country; and the English are a peaceful lot, who only hope meekly that injustice may be corrected after all its present victims are dead.

As a propagandist editorial "God's Tenth" is highly effective; as a novel it is very ably done, but whether you will find it good reading depends on your taste. Laura, a London intellectual of the familiar type whose appreciations and aspirations outrun its capacity, was teaching in the English equivalent of a township high

(Continued on next page)

The Criminal Record

The Saturday Review's Guide to Detective Fiction

Title and Author	*Crime, Place, and Sleuth*	*Summing Up*	*Verdict*
THE CURTAIN OF STORM *Joseph Gollomb* (Macmillan: $2.)	Galt (the Goldfish) psychologist - detective follows perturbed lady through storm-swept Times Square to gruesome murder on East Side.	Whether it was murder, mayhem or what isn't too plain, but the gaudy language and highfalutin' proceedings are swell.	Exotic
THE WOMAN WITH TWO SMILES *Maurice Leblanc* (Macaulay: $2.)	Eternally re-appearing master crook Arsène Lupin here solves 15-year old "murder," saves jewels and lovely girl.	"Double exposure" affair of two girls is bad enough, but explanation of aged killing is just too much.	Pooh!
DRURY LANE'S LAST CASE *Barnaby Ross* (Viking: $2.)	Theft of rare book from N. Y. museum leads from 1933 to 1599, involves Drury Lane, Inspector Thumm and pretty daughter.	Baffling clues buried in intellectual atmosphere of scholars and librarians. Guaranteed to mystify Drury Lane fans to bitter end.	Read it

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—*Virginia Kirkus, Ladies Home Journal*

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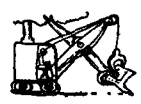

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The Children's Bookshelf

By KATHERINE ULRICH

"CHIP: MY LIFE AND TIMES," (Harcourt, Brace: $1.75) is the tale, as overheard by Louis Untermeyer, of a robust, hard-living chipmonk whose early adventures start in a guilded cage among the "savages." (The writer in a P.S. confesses that it was he who imprisoned chip in the canary's deserted castle.) Chip escapes, and escapes again and again from perilous predicaments which are the natural lot of a chipmonk endowed with real dash and courage. Furthermore he is the first chipmonk fortunate enough to have had the skilful Mr. Untermeyer "overhear" his story.

He should be justly proud of such an autobiography. It will delight younger children and grown-ups who read aloud will find it a pleasure. The book, amusingly illustrated by Vera Neville plus some sketches by the author, is unusually attractive in appearance and format.

Another book for younger children of exceptional quality is "The Handsome Donkey," by Mary Gould Davis (Harcourt: $1.75). The plot has to do with Smug Baldasarre, an Italian donkey of fine appearance whose courageous saving of his master's life wins him the admiration and acclaim of the entire village including that of Teddy, an American born dachshund (and a particularly nice dog) who had previously found Baldassare's pompous pride well nigh unbearable. The slender book, gaily pictured by Emma Brock, is outstanding because the story is told by a master of the story telling art, whose knowledge and appreciation of Italy warm every page. It is another good "read-aloud."

"Cinder," by Eleanor Youmans (Bobbs-Merrill: $1), is a straightforward unpretentious account of a black and tan toy terrier's eventful experiences which include among others, a puppyhood runaway, an encounter with a flood, and a stage career. Cinder's story, as well as her belief in and devotion to her master, are frankly dramatized but the author never assumes that gushy, sentimental attitude too often found in books by humorless "dog lovers" which set the teeth of every dog respecter right on edge. That, alas, is the tone throughout of an un-from-runt-through-constant-bravery-and-loyalty-to-devoted-friends tale of a Scottie, "Mr. M. Tavish," told and drawn by Marion Bullard (Dutton: $1).

"From the Jungle to the Zoo," by Charles Person (Stephen Day Press: $1.50), is a true story about two jungle children, Janet Penseroso, the New York zoölogical Park's now six year old gorilla and her dear friend, Ellen Allegro, chimpanzee—how they came to the zoo and what their life there is. Dr. W. Reed Blair, Director of the Zoölogical Park, has read and endorsed the book. The many entertaining photographs of the girls are copyrighted by the New York Zoölogical Society.

"Animals All," by Harper Cory (Scribners: $1.75), contains guaranty of interesting photographs of the most spectacular kinds of wild animals. The material is well organized. A short informative text tells about the different animal families, the differences and similiarities of the numbers of each group, their habits, etc.

The pictures ably illustrate and amplify the text.

"Strange Animals," by Ralph and Fredrica De Solo (Scribners: $1.50), is an introduction to some of the globe's most extraordinary animals. To quote the word of an authority: Dr. Raymond L. Ditmars says in a brief foreword to the book, "They [the authors] have pictured twenty-five animals that represent what are known as the five great classes of vertebrates, or backboned animals. Thus this book with its pictures serves as a guide to the portals of the world of animal habits, and also gives a glimpse inside." Effective, full page drawings by Norman Bornhardt face each descriptive page.

Mothers who find it difficult to persuade their children to like junket, and children who like junket, and children who can't be beguiled into liking junket will all surely like "Junket Is Nice" by Dorothy Kunhardt (Harcourt, Brace: $1.) Everyone in the world thronged to see the old man who liked junket engaged on his meal, and all of them guessed wrong the riddle he propounded as to what he was thinking about. Only the little boy on the velocipede knew, and he won the proper reward for his good sense. Miss Kunhardt has told her tale in merry wise, with gay and amusing illustrations to enforce her yarn.

The New Books

(*Continued from preceding page*)

school when she met a semi-gentleman farmer whom she presently married, not because she loved him but because she thought that as his wife she would have leisure to write. Naturally she never did, nor does Miss Wallace pretend that what she wrote would have been worth anything. Indeed, she is under no illusions about her heroine, whose rotten temper is as frankly disclosed as her sexual frigidity. Laura was shrewish, Anthony was obtuse; and the result is three hundred pages of marital wrangling interrupted only by agrarian disaster.

Very well done, of course, if you care for that sort of thing. Laura was conscientious and industrious; disappointed in her own expectations, she did what had to be done, and became an excellent wife and mother. Very well painted is the slow growth of that peculiar married emotion that is certainly not love but is more stable and perhaps in some respects more satisfying. But though Laura was an admirable and valuable helpmeet, she was hell to live with, and it will need a reader of fortitude to live with her for three hundred pages.

E. D.

Science

SCIENTIFIC THEORY AND RELIGION. By Ernest W. Barnes. Macmillan. 1933. $4.

The Bishop of Birmingham is one of England's most challenging clergymen. A former mathematician at the University of Cambridge, he has taken advantage of the Gifford Lectures to bring his scientific knowledge and religious faith together. His straightforward manner appears at the very outset with 192 pages devoted to the theory of relativity in which mathematical proofs are included. This is followed by a longer section, written more in the manner of a university text than the popular style of contemporary scientists, on such subjects as The Electrical Theory of Matter, Heat and Light, and The Galactic Universe. It appears, after the intoxicating theology from English physicists, that we must turn to an English theologian for some sober physics. The biological section is equally lengthy and precise. It is followed by a brief, sketchy chapter on the philosophical status of natural knowledge. Less than one-ninth of the book is devoted at the end to ethical and religious matters. This is the first treatise written by a theologian to exhibit the type of sciebntific knowledge necessary for the barest of attempts at intellectual leadership in our time. Unfortunately the book fails in its major purpose because the philosophical capacity necessary to make effective use of the science which is amassed, is lacking.

F. S. C. N.

Latest Books Received

BELLES LETTRES

Pictured Story of English Literature. J. W. Cunliffe. Appleton. $5.

BIOGRAPHY

First to Go Back. I. Skariatina. Bobb. $2.75. *Sand Dollars.* K. B. Ripley. Harcourt. $2. *Sarah Bernhardt.* G. G. Geller. Stokes. $2.75. *Poor Splendid Wings.* F. Winwar. Little, Br. $3.50. *Richard Harding Davis and His Day.* F. Downey. Scrib. $3. *Memoirs of a Spy.* N. Snowden. Scrib. $2.75. *Along This Way.* J. W. Johnson. Vik. $3.50.

JUVENILE

The Boys' Book of Newsreel Hunters. I. Crump. Dodd. $2. *Stone Knife Boy.* A. S. Malkus. Harcourt. $2. *Hangman's Holiday.* D. L. Sayers. Harcourt. $2. *Lincoln Plays.* Selected A. P. Sanford. Dodd. $2.50. *Seldom and the Golden Cheese.* J. Schrank. Dodd, Mead. $2. *The Young People's Story of Architecture.* E. H. Butterfield. Dodd. $3. *Uncle Sam's Government at Washington.* G. L. Knapp. Dodd. $2. *The Handsome Donkey.* M. G. Davis. $1.75. *Chip: My Life and Times.* L. Untermeyer. Harcourt. $1.75. *The Train Book.* W. C. Pryor. Harcourt. $1. *Mr. Gold and Her Neighborhood House.* L. M. Weber. Little, Br. $2. *Man's Long Climb.* M. Lansing. Little, Br. $1.75. *The Friendly Shepherdess.* B. Spofford. Little, Br. $1.25. *The Half Deck.* G. H. Grant. Little, Br. $2. *Hills of Gold.* K. Grey. Little, Br. $2. *Children's History of Israel.* I. Kishor. New York: Jordan Pub. Co. 3 vols. *Naturecraft Creatures.* J. W. Lippincott and G. J. Roberts. Lippin. $1.50.

POETRY

The Dark Hills Under. S. Barker. Yale Univ. Pr. $2. *Let Us Dream.* D. Blending. Dodd. $2.

"I was afraid of love,

and fell into it, and learned its joys and its griefs; I took a long time finding out what I was like, what I wanted out of life, and how to get it; I was poor, lucky, despairing, happy; I hated and loved the world I lived in; I had joy in my work, and in my thoughts; and life became more interesting, larger, and deeper, with every year that passed; out of all this it seemed to me that I had learned something. That is the life I intend to write about—the life of the one human being that I know best."—*from the preface by*

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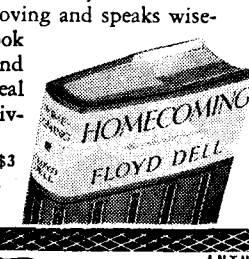

TABLE OF CONTENTS

Fool's Paradise
Child Stoic
Yellow Curls
Egotism
Elsie and Inza
Money vs. Heroism
Work and Play
Ideas, Friendship and Love
Being a Poet
Spirits from the Vasty Deep
Hail and Farewell
My Friend Fritz
Cub Reporter
Civic Efforts
The Making of a Bohemian
Anthology
Idyll
Premonitions
Nineteen-Twelve
Greenwich Village
War as a Background
Life at Thirty
Alarums and Confusions
Marriage
'Felix Fay'
Homecoming
Paternity

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ACCORDING to Christopher Morley, a Doctor Rosenbach, New York book-seller, credits one Jackson with great "Shake-speare" *lore for revealing* that lines beneath "Shakespeare's" portrait, 1640 Sonnets, were lifted from Jonson's First Folio dedication. Wunderbar!!! Now if the Doctor will prove that Monday follows Sunday, perhaps Yale or Pennsylvania will add a few more initials to his signature. The man deserves it for his erudition. George Frisbee.

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A Contest for Collectors

A BOOK-DESIGNER'S chief delight is in the fashioning of a title-page, and may it not be an author's as well? For better or worse, finis has been written; so has foreword, preface, introduction, apology, the bestowal of credit where credit is due. And thereto, at the last (which is to say at the first), he subscribes his name—nowhere earlier in the fabrication of the manuscript has he had occasion to write it. The beginning crowns the work.

Taking leave of the embryo in the final stages of its parturition, the progenitor contemplates the square of paper which is to be its birth certificate. He sets down the name of the child, and below it, no less pridefully, the name of the parent. He may then add (or, if he be shy about it, his publishers are likely to add for him) the names of earlier offshoots who have gone out into the world and fared well—the intimation is that the new baby will exhibit the desirable characteristics of these precursors. Then, by way of a graceful adieu, he may choose, out of his own head or out of Bartlett, a quotation that seems to him to hold the essence of the book.

Below are given quotations from first-edition title-pages of ten British and ten American books covering nearly three hundred years. The quotations have not invariably been carried over into subsequent editions, so collector and catalogue-scanner have a slight advantage over the general reader, but after all, whatever its defects, this is a collectors' department. Most of the books from which the title-page quotations are taken are at least reasonably familiar, the majority much more then reasonably; two or three are not at all familiar to the general reader but are established collector-classics. Minor liberties have been taken in making capitalization and punctuation consistent in order to obviate typographical clues, but there are no omissions; the use of leaders signifies that the author himself used leaders. If the author credited the quotation it is credited here, otherwise not—and the compiler hasn't the slightest idea where the uncredited quotations came from. It is interesting to note that the shyest author represented used a quotation from his own book. There are no duplicates—only one book to an author. The arrangement is neither chronological, alphabetical (by author or by title), nor national, but by hazard. The answers are tucked away in the Classified Department. What are the titles of the books from which the quotations are chosen? Don't peek. And away we go:

(1) Under which King, Bezonian? speak, or die!—*Henry IV, Part II.*

(2) Simon Peter said, I go a-fishing; and they said, We also will go with thee. —*John* 21.3.

(3) I do not propose to write an ode to dejection, but to brag as lustily as chanticleer in the morning, standing on the roost, if only to wake my neighbors up.—*Page* 92.

(4) Every man his own Boswell.

(5) Crowded in the rank and narrow ship,—
Housed on the wild sea with wild usages,—
Whate'er in the inland dales the land conceals
Of fair and exquisite, O! nothing nothing,
Do we behold of that in our rude voyage.
—*Coleridge's Wallenstein.*

(6) ...You will answer,
"The slaves are ours...."—*Merchant of Venice.*

(7) Optima dies...prima fugit.—*Virgil.*

(8) De waarheid die in duister lag,
Die komt met klaarheid aan den dag.

(9) Mislike me not, for my complexion,
The shadowed livery of the burnished sun.

(10) Nature is but an image or imitation of wisdom, the last thing of the soul; nature being a thing which doth only do, but not know.—*Plotinus.*

(11) I have used similitudes.—*Hosea* 12. 10.

(12) Virginibus puerisque canto.—*Hor-Lib.* 3. *Ode* 1.

(13) And perhaps there is one reason why a comic writer should of all others be the least excused from deviating from nature, since it may not be always so easy for a serious poet to meet with the great and the admirable; but life everywhere furnishes an accurate observer with the ridiculous.—*Henry Fielding.*

(14) Sperate miseri, cavete fælices.

(15) Wilt thou go on with me?—*Southey.*

(16) Those that hold that all things are governed by fortune had not erred, had they not persisted there.—*Sir Thomas Browne.*

(17) The stretchéd metre of an antique song.

(18) The simple bard, unbroke by rules of art,
He pours the wild effusions of the heart:
And if inspir'd, 'tis Nature's pow'rs inspire;
Hers all the melting thrill, and hers the kindling fire.—*Anonymous.*

(19) Young heads are giddy, and young hearts are warm,
And make mistakes for manhood to reform.—*Cowper.*

(20) ...Poor wounded name, my bosom as a bed,
Shall lodge thee.—*W. Shakespeare.*

Full score, but the compiler admits he has had such a lot of fun compiling that a second list is promised for an early issue. The subscription-cancelling line forms at the right. If, on the other hand, you like this sort of thing, tell us so, and some day we'll work up a real contest, complete with prizes.

J. T. W.

Jackson Redivivus

THE ANATOMY OF BIBLIOMANIA. By Holbrook Jackson. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. 1932. $7.50.

HOLBROOK JACKSON grew up into the nineties and outgrew them, but before his mellowing overtook him—the nineties, at that moment, were but a boyhood distant, and Mr. Jackson himself, to be brutally arithmetical, was thirty-nine years old—he had published the finest history of the Beardsley to Wilde to Beerbohm era that has yet seen the day. Seventeen years later, which brings our story to 1930 (and Mr. Jackson ought eventually to account for the interval and for the epochs that bound it in what should be a classical autobiography), his "Anatomy of Bibliomania" was issued in two volumes. It has since reappeared in a one-volume edition, denominated "revised." Wherein the revisions consist is not declared (think of a Revised Edition without a Preface to the Revised Edition!), and the present commentator's patience does not extend to the pitch of comparing one edition with another when each edition consists of some 275,000 words—a rough computation, but not too egregiously rough. It is convenient to surmise that the revisions have not been extensive, else in the discussion of "Books in Chains" there would have been at least a modicum of reference to a competent monograph on the subject that has appeared since the publication of the two-volume "Anatomy"—"The Chained Library," by Dr. Burnett William Streeter, Canon Hereford (London, 1931). But "The Anatomy of Bibliomania," revised or unrevised, in one volume or two, remains the best dipping book about books, the most adequate running index of bibliana, that has yet been devised. It is as compact as a time-table, as concentrated as a meat cube. Hereafter only the most reckless of allusioneers will dare attempt to excavate a bibliomanecdote without first assuring himself that it is not in Jackson.

J. T. W.

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CONTEST FOR COLLECTORS

ANSWERS TO CONTEST IN THIS WEEK'S COMPLEAT COLLECTOR: (1) Scott: Waverley (Edinburgh, 1814); (2) Walton: The Compleat Angler (London, 1653); (3) Thoreau: Walden (Boston, 1854); (4) Holmes: The Autocrat of the Breakfast-Table (Boston, 1858); (5) Dana: Two Years Before the Mast (New York, 1840); (6) Galsworthy: The Man of Property (London, 1906); (7) Cather: My Antoniá (Boston, 1918); (8) Irving: A History of New York by Diedrich Knickerbocker (New York, 1809); (9) Cooper: The Last of the Mohicans (Philadelphia, 1826); (10) Emerson: Nature (Boston, 1836); (11) Bunyan: The Pilgrim's Progress (London, 1678); (12) Byron: Poems on Various Occasions (Newark, 1807); (13) Hemingway: The Torrents of Spring (New York, 1926); (14) Goldsmith: The Vicar of Wakefield (Salisbury, 1766); (15) Hawthorne: Fanshawe (Boston, 1828); (16) Conrad: Chance (London, 1913); (17) Keats: Endymion (London, 1818); (18) Burns: Poems Chiefly in the Scottish Dialect (Kilmarnock, 1786); (19) Poe: Tamerlane (Boston, 1827); (20) Hardy: Tess of the D'Urbervilles (London, 1891).

DESIDERATA

LISTS solicited of "BOOKS WANTED" or "FOR SALE," MENDOZA BOOK CO., 15 Ann Street, N. Y. The Oldest "Old Book Shop" in New York.

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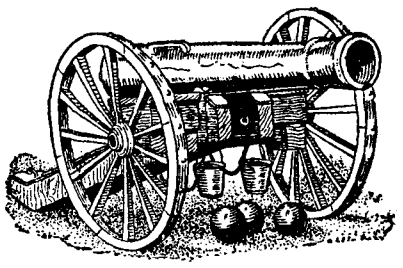

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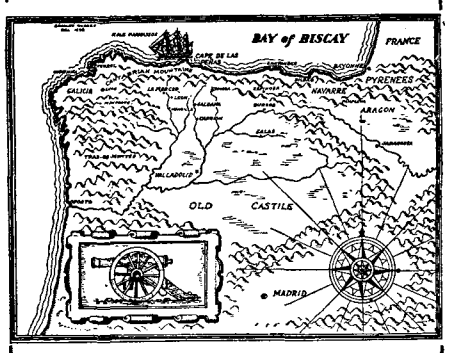
THE GUN

By
C. S. FORESTER



"THE GUN is based firmly on fact and deals with certain little-known episodes of the Peninsular War. Six thousand pounds of bronze, captured by a Spanish guerrilla chief, became the Gun that helped to defeat Napoleon; this is the focus of the story. Mr. Forester employs a dry, firm style, somewhat reminiscent of Mérimée, to implement a brief, dramatic tale very much worth the telling. THE GUN is not likely to receive a great deal of ballyhoo, which is all the more reason for not overlooking it."—*The New Yorker.*

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Trade Winds

By P. E. G. QUERCUS

☞D. Appleton-Century say that Old Inquisitive Quercus's query about Dr. Holt's famous *Care and Feeding of Children* was timely. The book has just been reprinted for the 80th time and is now in its 14th revised edition—recent alterations having been made by Dr. L. Emmett Holt, Jr., the author's son. Appleton-Century say "its sale continues steadily, and the indications that reach us are that it is still the Mother's Bible." ☞Another medical classic, Holt and Howland's *Diseases of Infancy and Childhood,* has just appeared in its 10th revision. ☞Old Quercus was pleased at a straight-from-the-shoulder ad (in that excellent paper *The Commonweal*) in which Messrs. Sheed & Ward describe *Beauty Looks After Herself* (nice title) by Eric Gill. Sheed & Ward say:

> It may well cause every kind of dispute, fury, joy—it will be called "too modern" by some, "too medieval" by others, "anti-clerical" in one quarter, "too religious" in another; yes, some will say it is immoral, others that it moralizes too much. None will be apathetic, none will be let off the exercise of thought and none will be self-satisfied at a result. ($2.00)

☞A cheerful young bookseller, who signs herself A. M., writes from Alameda, Calif., that she has lately opened a small shop of her own, christening it with Keats's phrase *Magic Casements.* She was startled by a dignified customer insisting on addressing her, quite seriously, as "Miss Casements."

☞One of the handsomest bits of bookmanship seen lately is the Southworth Press's (Portland, Maine) work on Dr. A. S. W. Rosenbach's *Early American Children's Books*—a quarto of 414 pages describing over 800 books and with 93 illustrations, some colored by hand. The book was designed by Fred Anthoesen. The regular edition (585 copies) costs $25. A. Edward Newton contributes a gay and spirited introduction in which he describes "Rosy" as "a man halfway between his first and second childhoods."

Old Quercus was greatly pleased by a letter from Israel Soifer of the Furrow Press, Brooklyn. Mr. Soifer reports: —

> During the summer just ended we spent several weeks in the West. When we arrived in a new city we couldn't resist visiting some of the booksellers whose names had become known to us from reading the *Saturday Review* and the *Publishers' Weekly.*
>
> As Los Angeles was our first stop we went to Dawson's. Both the exterior and interior of the shop impressed us mightily. Inwardly we tried to think of a New York store that had a similar atmosphere—or one that carried such a varied, interesting stock, but without success. Miss Bevis, who reigns over the fine press and rare book department, is a person at once pretty, charming, and intelligent. We weren't surprised to find many Nash and Grabhorn items, since both these printers work in nearby San Francisco, and we were pleased to find Eastern and English presses well represented. We were especially glad to reexamine the Grabhorn edition of Aesop's Fables printed in Jessen schrift and decorated handsomely in color by Valenti Angelo. (Incidentally, the Grabhorns are publishing a volume of verses by Miss Bevis this year.)
>
> Jake Zeitlin's place is much smaller. But Jake himself is a true bookman. When we told him what we were interested in, he began to show us fine examples from the Doves and Kelmscott presses. Also, he had just obtained several fine Ashendene Press books. Jake also showed us the rare pamphlet which was the first publication of the Strawberry Hill Press—a group of poems by Thomas Gray which his friend Horace Walpole insisted on printing at his own press.
>
> When we reached San Francisco, we made a bee line for Gelber-Lilienthal. Here we found a shop which was more like some of our own smart New York stores. A brisk-looking front room where the new and popular books are kept, and a larger more comfortable room where the collector of firsts and the seeker after Californiana can leisurely examine his books. A friendly staff was in attendance.
>
> Then to the equally friendly Paul Elder. Here an extensive stock is carefully divided into departments with alert clerks in charge of each. With one of these we developed quite a spirited discussion about the relative merits of the work of the Powys clan.
>
> John Howell's fine store boasts an interesting Bible exhibit. Mr. Howell's son was especially proud of a "Megillah," a Hebrew scroll of the Book of Esther. There too we saw several fine examples of Baskerville's printing.
>
> In a small building very close to Chinatown we found the printing and publishing offices of the Grabhorn brothers. Mr. Douglas S. Watson, editor of the series of reprints of Rare Americana for which this press is becoming noted, told us of the forthcoming volumes. We also spoke to Mr. Edward Grabhorn. Concerning his own work, Mr. Grabhorn was both modest and critical. He was also critical of much of the printing from the East which aims at being arty rather than sincere. It was a rare treat to hear this man talk of the ideals of his craft.

☞Procrastinate Quercus came of late upon an unusual example of German book-advertising—so late, in fact, that this particular example is probably a matter of history. Thomas Mann has run afoul of the Nazis, who have sent his books up in smoke—in less pleasant fashion than by cigar. On the original cigar-box, the titles of the books can be clearly discerned. We don't know how much the publisher had to pay the cigar people, or how many books were sold as a result of the effort.

GERMAN CIGAR-BOX CARRYING AN AD OF THOMAS MANN'S BOOKS

☞A very pleasant pamphlet for the beginning bibliophile is William Targ's *The Pauper's Guide* to Book Collecting (Black Archer Press, Chicago). Its first issue, Mr. Targ may have noticed, is identified on the title-page by "Chicaco" for "Chicago." ☞Holmesians will find much agreeable talk on their favorite topic in Vincent Starrett's *The Private Life of Sherlock Holmes,* announced by Macmillan for October 10th. ☞*The Saturday Review* once figured out—we forget how or why—that Sherlock Holmes's birthday was January 7, 1853. Does Mr. Starrett confirm this?

☞Old Quercus observed a news clipping stating that the ship on which Mr. F. C. Henry, Sales Manager of Doubleday's, is proceeding to the Pacific Coast for a good rest, was considerably walloped by a Caribbean hurricane. The gale left her "with a 25% list" said the item. The trade usually ask Frank for 40%.

☞Interesting note from Mr. Martin Matheson, of John Wiley and Sons: "It would have been very nice if Mr. W. S. Hall, in your issue of September 9th, had stated parenthetically that the Wiley of Wiley and Putnam, mentioned in his story, is the present John Wiley and Sons, who last year celebrated its 125th anniversary. If he is at all interested, he might read the chapter on Wiley and Putnam in Boynton's 'Annals of American Bookselling,' published in December of last year."

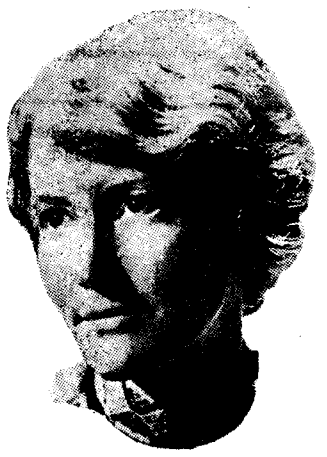
☞Publishing acumen: Little, Brown have postponed until 1934 the publication of "Mind Your Money" by N. R. Danielian. We join Little, Brown in the hope that by then there'll be some money to mind.

☞Quercus is glad to hear from the Jones library at Amherst, Mass., that they have arranged the first complete exhibition of the wood engravings of J. J. Lankes, whose illustrations and book jackets should by now have made him as well known to book readers as to connoiseurs.

☞Ogden Nash is on a year's leave of absence from Farrar & Rinehart, in order to spend all his time in writing. He carries the best wishes of the Quercus Associates, who hope that the title of his new book, "Happy Days," is prophetic.

DON'T

TAKE OUR WORD FOR IT..



She has such wit, such breathtaking candor, that each new sentence seems a joyous surprise. We venture to predict that her ORDINARY FAMILIES is going to become a personal passion with just as many discriminating readers in this country as it happens to touch.

WE KNOW that E. Arnot Robertson's ORDINARY FAMILIES is a sheer delight. But don't just take our word. Read what the critics say—and remember that if F. Scott Fitzgerald marked for you the advent of the really readable modern novel, E. Arnot Robertson is probably the first to capture the complete modern young woman in fiction. Here's her whole shrewd, sensitive, uninhibited code of life. Just glance over a few of the first reviews:

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